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The Week

IT is hardly possible to doubt the awful truth of the picture drawn by the Chairman of the Red Cross. Central and Eastern Europe is, as Mr. Davison said, the scene of "one of the most terrible tragedies in the history of the human race." It should be added that identically this territory is also the scene of one of the most disastrous political follies in the history of European diplomacy. These stricken lands, idle, wasted, and rotten with disease, are none other than the Sanitary Cordon of the Versailles Peace. The wretched peoples are one of the essential links of the blockade, and its chief victim. Even while they starve and decay they are whipped into an insane war by criminal men for whom no punishment and no contempt is adequate. With the best will in the world it is not possible to bring light and life and happiness to these people until the criminals in Warsaw and Paris and London are stripped of their power for evil. There can be no social restoration without political peace. There can only be succor, and that

only of the most temporary kind. But if the problem is to be met relief must be accompanied by a radical change in the major politics of Europe. The people perish because the statesmen gamble.

NO Senator who voted for the Knox peace resolution expected it to bring peace. On both sides of the Senate it was regarded simply as a party move. Its only importance, unless the inconceivable happens and the President signs, is its political effect in the campaign. Where the Republican party stands, now, is something to be figured out by the law of permutations and combinations. The Treaty plank adopted by the Indiana Republicans, and reported to be a semi-official model for the Chicago convention, approves the Lodge program and, therefore, presumably favors ratification with the Lodge reservations. But forty Republican Senators have now voted for peace by resolution, without any ratification of the Versailles Treaty at all. Only the irreconcilables have known what they wanted. And that they got.

MR. HOOVER'S letter to his campaign managers in Oregon will disappoint many of those liberals who joined conservatives and reactionaries in supporting his candidacy. In this letter Mr. Hoover makes the most complete statement of his attitude regarding League and Treaty which has come from him in recent months. He wants "no clouding of the vital issues." Yet clouding the vital issues, in our opinion, is just what Mr. Hoover's letter does. In it there is not a word about the imperialism of the Treaty or the possible danger of sustaining that imperialism through the agency of the League—though Mr. Hoover was once alert in both these matters. Nor is there, in the letter, anything about a new world conference—though the necessity of drawing a new Treaty was an issue many liberals looked to Mr. Hoover to champion. Instead, as a Republican candidate, Mr. Hoover talks about reservations that Americanize and about the fact that ever since 1910 a League "has been consistently advocated" by "the great leaders

of the Republican party." When Mr. Hoover talks that way he is speaking from Mr. Lodge's pocket.

BATTLES near San Marco, and Carranza's efforts to escape capture, have had first place in the news from Mexico. About what is happening in the capital, news is less abundant. One dispatch from Mexico City says that Obregon and Gonzales apparently have agreed to confer the Provisional Presidency upon General Antonio Villarreal (described in the New York Times as a man who "formerly entertained rather radical ideas," but no longer entertains them). What is pictured as a menace to the success of the revolution, in its present stage, is the "adjustment" that must be made between Obregon, Gonzales, Palaez, de la Huerta and the other men with armies. Blasco Ibanez, the Spanish novelist, who was in Mexico when the revolution broke and who now reports it for the Times, asserts that "Carranza's fall was due to his stubborn attempt to pursue an anti-military policy." He quarreled with the Generals. Now they are on top. Will they manage to escape quarrelling with each other?

IN Paris, among the editors who are next door to the Foreign Office, there is no great unhappiness about the fall of Nitti's cabinet in Italy. Nitti favored peace with Germany, peace with Russia, peace in Europe. Foreign Office diplomats, therefore, summed him up as anti-French. Apparently, however, Nitti is to receive what was denied Orlando—a second chance to constitute a cabinet. What brought him to grief was a domestic issue, an adverse vote following debate on a transportation measure. No question of foreign policy was involved. The French diplomats understood this fact, but hoped a new Premier meant a new policy toward Germany, and not Nitti's policy of moderation.

IN an effort to allay suspicion becoming all too common, the Polish Legation in Washington points out that its government, now engineering an offensive two hundred miles deep in Russia, "has given proof of its peaceful intentions." "As regards the Soviet government, Poland has sufficient evidence [not stated] that in making several peace propositions this government had no real desire to make peace." Q. E. D. For neutral observers, however, it is not so simple. Lord Robert Cecil, as chairman of the Executive Committee of the League of Nations Union, writes to Lord Curzon declaring that "for months past Poland has been notoriously

preparing to attack Russia" and that "the Soviet government has made repeated and genuine offers of peace, which have been set aside on seemingly flimsy pretexts." Meantime, the buzzards are gathering overhead. A dispatch to the New York Times from Berlin states: "Members of *the old Russian nobility* have flocked to Berlin from Switzerland, France, England and Sweden . . . anxiously awaiting news from the field of Polish operations." The Poles are holding Kiev. They have made an alliance with Petlura that gives them virtual control of the railways in the Ukraine. But still the Polish mark goes down. It is at its lowest point now—208 to the dollar. The fragile Polish state, playing at being Rome, is taking long chances.

TO what degree Armenia has "gone Bolshevik" seems a matter in dispute. Out-and-out Bolshevik, according to a correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph; but the British War Office, reported by the Associated Press, declares it has no authentic news that Armenia has "surrendered to the Russian government." In the past Armenia has been Menshevik. Obviously, of course, it is good policy for those who during the past two years have failed to help Armenia stand alone now to spread abroad the impression that it has always been Bolshevik and that neglect of Armenian interests was not mere indifference to humanity but rather a case of far-sighted politics. Besides, there is oil and manganese and copper in Transcaucasia. If that part of the world has gone Bolshevik, or is on its way, someone's strong hand will be needed. A strong hand, perhaps, that can grip oil wells and copper mines, as well as maintain order.

ARMENIA, to be sure, has accepted recognition granted by the Soviet government of Russia, and has agreed to disarm those remnants of Denikin's "Volunteer Army" which have been driven into Armenian territory. To this latter action, however, Armenia was pledged by the canons of international law, having previously declared neutrality in the war between Denikin and the Soviet government. Soviet Russia clearly has an opportunity to take advantage of Allied quackery in Transcaucasia. The Georgians have been alienated by England's seizure of Batoum, and by the British statement that Batoum will be held at least "six months longer." The Armenians have been abandoned to the Turks. Perhaps the disarmament imposed upon Transcaucasia by the treaty with Russia will make for peace rather than for more war. If the Allies cannot protect Armenia against Turkey, Soviet Russia may be willing and able to do it.

"WHY do we have a convention every year, anyhow?" asked Victor Berger, addressing the Socialist convention that met last week in New York City. "To sprout wings," he continued. "Left wings. I belong to the center, myself." And in New York, due partly to the substantial size of the Wisconsin and New York delegations, the center ruled supreme. It wrote both the platform of immediate demands and the declaration of ultimate principles. As is ordinarily the case, the declaration of principles is meant chiefly for home consumption within the party, and the platform is drawn partly for the legitimate purpose of catching outside votes. This platform is not greatly different from the one adopted in St. Louis. With its demand for nationalization of public utilities and basic industries, its proposals for a minimum wage law and abrogation of injunctions against strikes, etc., it is not far out of tune with the platform of the Labor party and the Committee of 48. There are several innovations. One plank demands prompt recognition of the Irish Republic. Another has to do with the war debt. Repudiate it, said the St. Louis convention. "It must be immediately paid off in full," said the New York convention, "the funds for such payment to be raised by means of a progressive property tax."

THE platform of immediate demands was adopted by the New York convention without much disagreement. Over the statement of ultimate principles there was a more real struggle. Mr. Hillquit declared, "I have tried in this draft to avoid all terminology of Marxian philosophy." He succeeded unusually well. His reason for wanting to get away from the ritual of Marx, he said, was "not because I do not believe in it, but because the average workingman does not understand it." To Mr. Hillquit it seemed important that the workingman should be offered something he understood. To some of his colleagues it seemed more important that none of the rich old verbiage should be pruned. That was one issue at stake. Another was whether there should appear in the statement any advocacy of force of arms, of the dictatorship of the American proletariat, etc. Mr. Hillquit's majority wing in the party won in both issues. The statement of principles finally adopted may seem blasphemous to the orthodox and tame to the left wing. But there is this to be said for it. If the Democratic and Republican conventions nominate reactionary candidates, there are many "independent" voters who will find the Socialist creed less

difficult to swallow than it used to be. No doubt that was something Mr. Hillquit had in mind.

IN matters of international policy as well as domestic the left wing of the Socialist party could not muster strength enough to win. The New York convention declared its adherence to the Third Internationale, organized in Moscow, but only with instructions to its delegates to insist that no special formula for the attainment of the Socialist commonwealth, such as dictatorship of the proletariat, be imposed as a condition of affiliation. When platforms and programs were out of the way, however, and it came to the choice of a Presidential candidate, there was no longer a left wing, a right wing or a center. Eugene Debs is the undisputed leader of American socialism. That he is still in prison is one of the most fundamental betrayals of responsible democracy with which the present administration can be charged. The President has power to declare amnesty for political prisoners. When the Senate of the United States is ready to declare the war at an end it is certainly time to free from prison men and women who were simply loyal to ideals of peace.

A FEW days ago, in the steel town of Duquesne, Pa., a Presbyterian minister attempted to address a street corner meeting. He got as far as saying, "Gentlemen, I am here under the auspices of the American Federation of Labor to test our Constitutional rights—" At this point he was pulled down from his forum and arrested. Not for his reference to the Constitution, though that document is alien enough to Duquesne, but because he had violated a disingenuous city ordinance prohibiting meetings "detrimental to the public interest." "Detrimental to the public interest," of course, means calculated to bring even a little industrial democracy into the steel business. In all, the day's work in Duquesne amounted to the arrest of five A. F. of L. organizers and seven by-standers charged with blocking the streets. One of the latter was a photographer; and lest the affair receive any undesired publicity, this man was forced to surrender all his plates.

EACH of the six organizers in Duquesne has been sentenced to jail for thirty days by the mayor of the city, who happens also to combine the offices of Magistrate, Commissioner of Police—and President of the Duquesne Bank. Pending a decision on their appeal, the men have been released. There is no mistaking the issue which their appeal involves. For a month, the authorities of Duquesne

had ignored formal requests for a permit to hold a meeting either in a hall or on the streets. When, finally, a meeting was staged, it was deliberately for the purpose of testing the Duquesne ordinance. How flagrantly the officials of many Pennsylvania steel towns have scoffed at Constitutional guarantees is something the American public needs to be told. At the time of the strike the Interchurch World Movement had an investigating commission in the field. That commission has made its report. And the report must surely have dealt with this issue. In its present effort to raise hundreds of millions of dollars for dissemination of the Christian spirit, the Interchurch Movement could give no better proof of its honesty of purpose than by giving this steel report to the public.

THE President, we believe, was well within his rights as executive in vetoing a bill that carried any provision for putting under Congressional control all governmental publications, including even mimeographed statements issued to the press. Such a proposal Mr. Wilson rightly termed "incompatible with good government." It is not hard to see why Congress took this line of attack. There are many members, annoyed by the activities of liberal administrative bodies like the Federal Trade Commission, who want to screw the lid down. There are many other members who feel only a vague resentment at their own unimportance. They have the true inferiority complex. They are ignored in matters of larger policy. They release their indignation by interference with detail. In no way making the executive branch more responsible to popular control, they introduce confusion, irritation and distrust into the administrative departments.

JUST at the end of its session the New York Legislature passed three bills which have received little attention as a consequence of the greater interest centered in the anti-Socialist measures and the Governor's welfare program. These three bills, the Sage bills, differ only in name and in minor details from the Short Ballot measure recommended by the Governor's Reconstruction Commission. The bills are much alike, the plan being to give the 1921 Legislature its choice of them. The best measure of the three consolidates the state's 180 bureaus and commissions into 21 departments, of which the Governor appoints 19. If the 1921 Legislature approves, one of these bills will be submitted to a referendum in 1921. The minor offices which would thus disappear from the ballot have never really been elective. They have been appointive—with the

appointing done by the politicians who make up the organization ticket in the primaries.

NO one doubts that the wealth of this country would be enormously increased if our banking and credit agencies were organized to help the men who need credit most. We are very far from that. Too much credit literally goes to those who need it least. Of the need for a new line-up there are signs that the organized farmers and trade unionists of the country are becoming increasingly aware. The Executive Committee of the All-American Farmer-Labor Corporation Congress is pushing plans for the development of credit unions. These unions, which are cooperative banks controlled by the workers and farmers themselves, are at present being organized in nine different states. A Committee of the Farmer-Labor Congress, of which Frederic C. Howe is secretary, has offices in the Machinist's Building, Washington, and is ready to supply information and assistance on request.

A Year of Appeasement

APPROXIMATELY a year has elapsed since the Paris Conference presented to the world the Treaty of Versailles with which it intended to bring the Great War to an end. The event has not fulfilled the intention. Great nations are still at war either with one another or with themselves. Only recently the French government occupied additional German territory on a pretext which involved a technical breach of peace. In spite of victory it insists on treating Germany as a perpetual enemy. It is still at war with her in everything but name. The same government has encouraged the Poles to attack the quivering and diseased body of Russia and to that end it is supplying the Polish invading army with supplies, officers and military advice. The American government has not signed the Treaty. Its legislative branch will not underwrite the terms of the general peace. The executive branch is equally resolute not to negotiate a separate peace. It looks as if the President and the Senate would neutralize each other and keep the United States technically at war until after the 4th of March, 1921. In the meantime the execution of the Treaty by the European Powers has not followed hard upon its signature. The effort to execute it has brought procrastination, dissension, recrimination and in the end failure. In the matter of its execution or revision the European Allies are hesitating in dismay between two alternative courses, both of which look similarly disastrous. On the one hand if they frankly admit the

necessity of revising the Treaty, they start something with whose consequences their statesmanship may be unable to cope. They compromise the authority of the document which defines the liability of the defeated Germans and which constitutes the only existing basis of physical order in Europe; they render its terms increasingly difficult of execution, if necessary, by force; and they reopen questions of enormous intrinsic difficulty which the Treaty was supposed to have quieted if not settled. Under such conditions any accepted solution seems preferable to a reopening of the discussion. On the other hand the settlement has settled nothing. The forbidding questions reopen themselves. If they insist on executing the Treaty and on turning a deaf ear to the pleas of Germany and Austria for some substantial relaxation of its economic and political penalties, they will dissolve the fabric of society in Eastern Europe and deprive their victims of the moral energy and vitality, without which contracts cannot be kept. In that event it is questionable how far the victors will not involve themselves in the ruin which they are wreaking upon their vanquished enemies.

Public opinion in this country has paid too little attention to the significance of Mr. Lloyd George's recent vivid description of the difficulties under which France and England suffer in negotiating with the German government. "We are dealing," he said, "with a broken-backed creature which has not the command of its limbs or its muscles. Its actions are convulsive. It has the command of speech and that is all." How the French and English nations expect an invertebrate animal which has lost its power of transmitting messages from its brain to its extremities to live up to a Treaty whose provisions demand for their execution a powerful authoritative government with complete control over the moral and physical resources of Germany is beyond our comprehension. The existing German government was created to liquidate the defeat which German imperialism suffered in the war. Its domestic authority necessarily depends on its success in securing from the victors treatment which does not place an impossible strain on the moral and physical ability of the German people. The victors have ignored this vital consideration. They have done almost nothing to sustain the prestige and popularity of a government which alone among the possible governments of Germany was ready in the beginning to liquidate defeat. If the existing democratic state is devoid of moral or physical authority in Germany, it is the policy of the Supreme Council and the provisions of the Treaty which are chiefly to blame. They have dried up the source of its moral and physical authority by forcing the German

democracy solemnly to utter promises which even with the best will in the world its agents could not perform. No wonder the German nation is now a creature with a broken back, capable only of convulsive motions and incoherent babbling speech. Demoralized and almost demented it faces a task of recuperation and liquidation which calls for an efficiency of organization, an amount of disinterested cooperative labor and a stability of purpose such as few nations have ever attained in the history of the world.

It is not, however, fair, to trace the want of moral and physical authority of the German government merely to the effect of the policy of the Supreme Council. The German national legislature after due deliberation endorsed the signature of the Treaty and they endorsed it without any expectation or intention of executing it. They would have preferred to resist, but they were afraid that, if they did resist, immediate anarchy would supervene and the enemies of Germany would have a chance of destroying her national unity. So they preferred to start the German democracy on its career by signing a contract which they repudiated with all their energy of conviction and which they considered impossible of execution. Their conquerors should not have placed them in the position of having to choose between two such intolerable alternatives, but their own preference for the policy of promising to carry out a contract whose terms they considered outrageous and impossible condemned the German democratic state from its inception to a divided moral consciousness which was certain to compromise its future authority. A state which starts on a career of reformation by swearing solemnly to a lie, even under compulsion, because it is afraid of the consequences of testifying to the truth, is a state which has become a party to a conspiracy against its own future integrity.

The utterance of the lie and its adoption as a part of the public law of Europe is demoralizing to the victor not less than to the vanquished. France, as the victor whose will and whose ideas were most influential in determining the provision of the Treaty, is bending all her energies and devoting all her resources to just one object—the object of securing the enforcement of the Treaty which, if enforced, will, as she believes, save herself and permanently ruin Germany. That is the reason why she keeps a million men under arms, why she introduces conscription into her African colonies, why she is spending, a year and a half after the end of the fighting, three times as much on her army alone as she spent upon her whole government in 1913, why she delays to reform her finances, to

make provision for the payment of her debts and to put her own house in order and why she encourages the Poles to undertake their present mad and wicked military adventure. France is pursuing a fixed idea, the child of past grievances, regardless of its consequences upon herself and the rest of the world. Having extorted Germany's signature to a contract which is ruinous to Germany, she knows that only under the iron necessity of compulsion will the Germans fulfill any important part of their bargain. She is, consequently, expending the resources of her own people with reckless profusion for the purpose of being able to exert the indispensable force. By insisting on demanding from the Germans more than they can or will surrender, she is steadily impairing her ability to collect the amount of damages which they are capable of paying, while at the same time she is spending on the collection of the debt a flood of paper money which is vitally impairing the security of French economic and social values. The French Republic has on its hands a financial problem almost as serious and insoluble as that which confronted the French monarchy in 1789. Let anyone who doubts this statement read the account of the French finances which Mr. Robert Dell has recently contributed to the Nation.

This association of public law and order in Europe with the execution of an impossible contract and the legalizing of a lie is not only by way of ruining both the defeated Germans and the victorious French, it is completing the ruin of the minor peoples of Central Europe. Americans who have recently returned from that part of the world all bring back the same distressing story. No recuperation has taken place in that vast territory beyond the Rhine in and around which the fighting on the Eastern front took place. The peoples of those countries are still stricken by foul disease and either suffering from starvation or constantly threatened by it. Observers like Mr. Henry P. Davison who are not given to exaggeration declare it impossible to convey any adequate idea of the misery which has overwhelmed these people. It is equivalent, apparently, to an utter temporary surrender to sickness of mind and body, to a paralysis of life and hope. A few speakers and writers have tried to convey to the American public some sense of this suffering, but the American people will not or cannot listen and understand, and there is at least this partial justification for their failure to register the extent of such misery—that even if they did understand and were ready to act on a philanthropic purpose, their assistance would only partially avail. Philanthropy can alleviate the suffering but cannot cure the disease. Why lend money to Germany

as long as she has promised to fulfill a contract which, if fulfilled, will ruin her, and which every loyal German repudiates as a faithless and unjust imposition? Why advance money to France, when the advance will merely increase the military and political resources which she will subsequently employ for the execution of a ruinous Treaty?

The case of the minor peoples of Central Europe is even more desperate. According to all accounts none of these people is suffering more and is more in need of help than the Poles. Their industry is stagnant; their social condition is dangerously unstable; and in certain parts of the country, particularly in Galicia, they are suffering from an appalling amount of destitution and disease. Yet how much can the friendliest outsider do for a nation which after four generations of oppression celebrates its release from political subjection by starting out to spread its own dominion over its protesting neighbors and which is not deterred in so doing by a bankrupt treasury and a destitute, suffering and perishing population? Manifestly Polish imperialism must run its course and expire in the midst of the havoc produced by its own madness before a candid friend can assist the Poles to relieve their distress beyond the necessarily ineffectual limits of private philanthropy. This case of Poland is particularly flagrant. But an analogous condition exists in Rumania, while Hungary suffers at once from spoliation, destitution, peculiarly malignant disease and domestic oppression at the hands of a reactionary "law and order" government. Eastern Europe is in political and social chaos. The Treaty which bestowed national self-determination on its peoples ignored those binding and political principles without which national self-determination brings with it the rupture of fruitful economic cooperation and associates government itself with the encouragement of political insecurity.

This association of governmental authority with the encouragement of conditions which make for political and social insecurity and anarchy is the essential and irremediable vice of the Treaty of Versailles. It creates as the chief instrument of international order in Europe a body of law which either in the event of its execution or revision is certain to produce disorder. No matter how indisputably it may need revision, the existing governments of Europe will shrink from revising it properly and effectively for a reason analogous to that which originally prompted them to make it what it is. To revise it right just as to have framed it right involves the risk of an experiment and the danger of disorder. So it always seems simpler and safer to frame it or keep it wrong, and to seek safety in avoiding by compulsion the disagreeable

and dangerous consequences of wrong-doing. Now that the Treaty is signed and sealed the original argument which so many liberals with uneasy consciences ignored when it was originally submitted—the argument that we must accept it now for the sake of obtaining a foundation for order in Europe and postpone revision until more favorable conditions—has the same kind of weight that it had a year ago. It will always have enough weight to prevent any revision of the Treaty by the existing governments of France and England except such revisions as unanswerable facts compel them to make. The accumulation of intolerable consequences will eventually force drastic reconstruction, but not until the same accumulation of consequences has first involved the existing governments of Europe in so many distressing predicaments of domestic as well as foreign policy that they will cease to command public confidence.

The events of the past year have, we claim, justified the opponents of the Treaty of Versailles. They have exposed the fallacy of those who argued that the Treaty furnished in the Covenant a dependable means of curing its own errors. The existing governments of France, Great Britain and Italy will always shrink from a sufficiently drastic revision because in their policy and conviction they do not embody the humane principles which constitute the motive and excuse for revision. Neither, may we add, does the existing government of the United States. In spite of professions to the contrary all the governments and nations really base their behavior on the politics of power and the economics of exclusive national interest and private profit. That is why they wrote as bad a Treaty as the Treaty of Versailles. That is why so many liberals complacently accepted the Treaty and deluded themselves with the promise of revising a contract which they were in the meantime solemnly promising to execute. That is why no sufficient revision has taken place and why Europe, which cannot live and prosper under post-war conditions without the binder of a just and humane international order, is crumbling to pieces physically and morally under the impact of legalized national irresponsibility and political violence. That is why no effective revision will take place until the existing governments are superseded by others, which, however much they are willing to back up policy by force, will refuse to adopt a policy which cannot endure without the unremitting support of force. That is why the agency of effective revision is not a League of Nations which was created to underwrite the Treaty and necessarily starts with a presumption in its favor, but a new international conference which starts with the negation of the

existing Treaty. Finally, that is why until such a conference can assemble, the destructive forces unleashed by the Treaty will have to run their course. The near destiny of Europe is not only, as Mr. Keynes says, no longer in the hands of any man, but it is no longer in the hands of any Power state or group of Power states. While this destiny is working itself out there is only one way in which liberals can influence and arrest the ultimate result—which is by recognizing candidly why the world is out of joint and by providing the beginnings of a remedy in the “assertion of the truth, the unveiling of illusion, the dissipation of hate and the enlargement and instruction of men’s hearts and minds.”

William Dean Howells

THE time to celebrate the fame of William Dean Howells was during his life, when he could appreciate it, and it is some satisfaction at this hour to feel that he had held himself duly appreciated. “You are very good to me,” he said in one of his generous notes, “and I hope you will not mind my saying that I think you rather exaggerate the neglect which has apparently been my portion. It has not really been so much as it seems. Even since I began to print fifty or sixty years ago there have been people to shout over my doings. . . .” So this man of unlimited hospitality wrote of his world, and so he extended to it his serene acknowledgments. He had undoubtedly imagined, before he passed on, the kind of verdict that was likely to be pronounced on him. At the thought of funeral eulogy, so dear to French critics, he must have smiled. He had a keen eye for the absurder gestures of humanity, and a keen ear for its less natural shifts of tone. The shift to studied mournfulness would have had his patient indulgence at best. He knew his world, and something of his place in it. He even knew, from repeated assurance, something of the gratitude of several generations. Those generations were deeply his debtors, and they had not been entirely mute.

There was in Howells, however, a persistent tendency to undervalue himself, which is now somewhat to the point. He was born into an America which, outside New England, was distinctly crude and combative, and he felt about it not unlike his countryman Henry James. But while Howells flew abroad at the first opportunity, from Ohio to Venice, it was economically impossible for him to escape forever after the fashion of Henry James, and he faced the necessity of returning to make his own clearance for real work. That real work

was, and remained, up-hill. He came to Boston in the twilight of the transcendental gods, and those gods he worshipped with the best that was in him, but he was strong enough to turn from them to the actualities of his generation, and he called himself a realist with his own fictional task definitely in mind. The dabbler, the amateur, the dilettante, he judged with an unusual severity that was partly self-punishment. He refused to be daunted by the aesthetic deficiencies of his era. He assumed mastery of his ductile, sensitive and complex nature, and drove himself to accept the America of Dryfoos and Silas Lapham, while permitting himself to harbor his dreams of England and Italy and France.

This struggle, involving a marked adaptation and subordination of self, brought very high and admirable achievement with it, but it also cost Howells a price. In the friendship that existed between Mark Twain and himself there was obviously a reciprocation founded on the rare quality of both men, Mark Twain on his side coming near to reverence of Howells and Howells wholeheartedly recognizing the genius and personality of Mark Twain. But on Howells' side there was also something of the feeling of a prisoner for a free man. As late as 1904 Howells expressed in a remarkable letter to his friend part of the cost of his domestication in a country still pioneer. "You do stir me mightily with the hope of dictating and I will try it when I get the chance. But there is the temperamental difference. You are dramatic and unconscious; you count the thing more than yourself; I am cursed with consciousness to the core, and can't say myself out; I am always saying myself *in*, and setting myself above all that I say, as of more worth. Lately I have felt as if I were rotting with egotism. I don't admire myself, I am sick of myself; but I can't think of anything else. Here I am at it now, when I ought to be rejoicing with you at the blessing you have found. . . . I'd like immensely to read your autobiography. You always rather bewildered me by your veracity, and I fancy you may tell the truth about yourself. But all of it? The black truth which we all know of ourselves in our hearts, or only the whity-brown truth of the pericardium, or the nice, whitened truth of the shirt-front? Even *you* won't tell the black heart's truth. The man who could do it would be famed to the last day the sun shone upon."

This "consciousness to the core" and this belief in the "black heart's truth" point to an imperfect adaptation, much more than anything else, as the well-adapted Mark Twain's cheerful and uncomprehending answer would indicate. But granted a certain disintegrating division in Howells' life, a

division between his own exquisiteness and the America of 1860 on, his work is all the more to be wondered at and praised. It is true that it is realism in a restricted sense. The full man is not in it. But to any understanding reader who knows America such books as *A Boy's Town* and *The Rise of Silas Lapham* and *A Hazard of New Fortunes* remain incomparable in their closeness, their delicacy, their just distribution of emphasis and even their tenuousness. Not a few men of Howells' generation and Howells' temperament had the same problem of creation as he had, but flinched and ran away from it. Howells held himself to it, with a growing stress on character and on ethics, even though a veracity like Mark Twain's seemed to him too headlong for a contemplative man like himself.

But in accepting headlong and hapless America and, to some extent, the puritanical dualism of America, Howells never lost sight of the economic implications of democracy, and he never disguised the bitter realities of our economic system. This was also one of the significant elements in his accommodation to his markedly capitalistic era. "What I object to," says March in *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, "is this economic chance-world in which we live, and which we men seem to have created. It ought to be law as inflexible in human affairs as the order of day and night in the physical world, that if a man will work he shall both rest and eat, and shall not be harassed with any question as to how his repose and his provision shall come. Nothing less ideal than this satisfies the reason. But in our state of things no one is secure of this. No one is sure of finding work; no one is sure of not losing it. I may have my work taken away from me at any moment by the caprice, the mood, the indigestion of a man, who has not the qualification for knowing whether I do it well or ill. At my time of life—at every time of life—a man ought to feel that if he will keep on doing his duty he shall not suffer in himself or in those who are dear to him, except through natural causes. But no man can feel this as things are now; and so we go on, pushing and pulling, climbing and crawling, thrusting aside and trampling underfoot; lying, cheating, stealing; and when we get to the end, covered with blood and dirt and sin and shame, and look back over the way we have come to a palace of our own, or the poor-house, which is about the only possession we can claim in common with our brother-men, I don't think the retrospect can be pleasing."

Such comprehension as this was never disowned or muted by Howells. He was by nature considerate, tolerant, benign. He had too much poise,

and too much caution, and too much irony, to enjoy the recklessness of radicalism. But he was incapable of complacency, he regarded it as his inexorable duty to follow to the extreme limit the line that the evidence of life laid down.

Howells' landscape was tame. It did not ever break into full flower. It felt at most the subtler intimations of beauty, the first gentle and wistful breath of spring. The America of his age was gilded by his silver light, but Mark Twain's lovely words convey at once the magic and the remoteness. "There are others who exhibit [felicitous] qualities as greatly as does he, but only by intervalled distributions of rich moonlight, with stretches of veiled and dimmer landscape between, whereas Howells' moon sails cloudless skies all night and all the nights." Lovelier words could not be formed to suggest his quality as an artist; though it was sunlight, not moonlight, that came in flowing radiance from the man.

The Railroad Breakdown

THE Congressmen and Senators who voted so cheerfully for the Esch-Cummins railway legislation undoubtedly supposed that for a few years at least they were setting the railway problem at rest. Excepting the railway Brotherhoods, everyone seemed contented. The bankers were satisfied, because the control of the railway financing was again in their hands. The railway executives were happy, because their authority was restored. The railway supply interests, a powerful group, were elated, because their private customers were given back to them. The Interstate Commerce Commission was happy, because it was again on the map. The press sang a chorus of contentment; the voice of the protestants was small.

Yet today, less than three months after the act became law, the railway problem is again looming on the political horizon and no one can say when the storm may break. Railway labor is in the grip of a smouldering resentment against their leaders, against the railway companies, against the government at Washington, and hardly a day passes without a renewed outbreak of guerrilla strike warfare. Shippers are seething with indignation; indeed the whole industrial community is in the throes of a freight congestion only once before paralleled in our history. Railways are desperately in need of money to buy new equipment, yet for all but the strongest the investment market is closed. The Congressmen who supposed they had settled the railway problem are again being implored for new appropriations and new loans.

Friends of the Esch-Cummins law will protest

that the law has not yet been given a fair chance; that its machinery is only just beginning to get into lumbering motion; that its permanent merits have not yet had an opportunity to prove themselves. It is an easy fallacy to blame the law for the breakdown, merely because the breakdown happened to come a few months after the law was signed. But if it should appear that the transportation system has broken down in precisely those aspects in which critics of the Esch-Cummins bill foretold that it would break down, if a diagnosis today exactly verifies their prognosis of three months ago, it will be hard to escape the conclusion that the Esch-Cummins law is to blame.

The grounds upon which the Transportation act was criticized were, it will be recalled, three. One concerned railway operation, another railway finance, the third railway labor.

On the first point, it was said that efficient railway operation required centralized rather than competitive control of car service. There was a shortage of rolling stock, even under federal control, when cars and locomotives could be rushed to the point of greatest need, regardless of ownership, and when traffic could be routed with an eye only to operating efficiency, regardless of competitive advantage. Mr. Hines pointed out at that time the obvious fact that under private competitive control the car shortage would of necessity be worse, since a competitive scramble for cars and for traffic meant waste and confusion instead of economy and order. The events of the past weeks have signally verified his warning.

On the second point, critics of the legislature pointed out that the railways needed literally billions of dollars for necessary physical rehabilitation and expansion; that their credit, with few exceptions, was destroyed; and that there was nothing in the Esch-Cummins bill to restore that credit.

Since the law was enacted a few of the strongest railways have succeeded in marketing equipment trust certificates and short time notes at seven per cent and over, but such borrowings are a mere drop in the bucket, and already the clamor is beginning for further appropriations and further loans from Congress.

On the third point the critics of the law have scored even more heavily. There have been many attempts to explain the astonishing series of "out-law" strikes which have disorganized the industries and threatened the food supply of the country during the past six weeks. Dissatisfaction with the undemocratic organization of the railway Brotherhoods, discontent aroused by profiteering in other industries, unrest engendered by the war, doubtless all these factors played their part. But Congress

cannot escape a major share of the blame for creating a situation which made such an upheaval possible.

The truth of the matter is that the railway workers, and particularly the underpaid, unskilled workers in yards and repair shops, are entitled to a substantial wage increase to meet the present price level, and that their just demands have been flouted and scoffed at and ignored. It is not fair to blame their leaders. Short of tying up the country with a nation-wide strike, they have done all that was humanly possible to impress upon the public and upon the government the gravity of the situation. They have either been ignored, or put off with unfulfilled promises. Nor is it entirely fair to blame the railway companies. Until March 1st, they had no control over wages at all, and until the Interstate Commerce Commission acts on their rate schedules, few of them are in a position to grant substantial wage increases. It is too much to expect the railway directors to rouse themselves from the lethargy into which the government guarantee has thrown them, and meet the situation heroically. Nor can Mr. Hines properly be blamed. Since March 1st he has been no more than a claim adjuster, checking up war time accounts of railways, and before March 1st he had no mandate to confront the railways with a fait accompli by ordering a general wage increase.

The real fault lies with Congress and with the Esch-Cummins bill. Instead of recognizing the railway workers as men with real grievances and with constructive and carefully considered plans for remedying those grievances, the majority in Congress chose to regard them as agitators and apostles of sovietism. Congressmen and Senators conceived that they were doing their duty to their country when they gave a six months' guarantee to the railway stockholders out of the public treasury, and took no effective step to guarantee a living wage to the railway workers. Instead of so legislating as to give us a national railway system strong enough and solvent enough to pay a living wage, they shrank fearfully from any thoroughgoing railway policy, and threw the railways back into the competitive chaos of private operation.

It may be some time before the growing discontent of railway workers, railway investors and shippers takes form in a constructive political program. With the possible exception of Mr. McAdoo, every Presidential candidate seems determined to dodge the railway problem. There will be a tendency to place the blame everywhere but where it belongs. The shippers will blame the Brotherhoods, the Brotherhoods will blame the stockholders, the stockholders will blame the bankers, and everyone

will blame the Interstate Commerce Commission. But the time cannot be far off when the three principle parties, the workers, the investors and the shippers, will recognize that their real enemy is not any group of union leaders, railway presidents or bankers, but the whole system of wasteful, unstable and semi-insolvent corporate railway management which Congress has once more saddled upon the country.

Arbitration—Compulsory or Voluntary?

PRESIDENT GOMPERS of the American Federation of Labor has accepted the challenge of Governor Allen of Kansas to debate the question of compulsory arbitration of industrial disputes.

If the issue lay between the compulsory authority bestowed on the six months old Kansas court of industrial relations and no alternative method of eliminating strikes in public service industries, the outlook for the workers' freedom would not be hopeful. The enthusiastic reception of Governor Allen by eastern chambers of commerce and merchants' associations proves that large sections of the business and professional world would elect the Kansas law through sheer nervous impatience at the recurring inroads upon their comfort and convenience. Happily, however, as Mr. Gompers has been patiently pointing out for some years, compulsory labor and industrial anarchy are not the only alternatives. The experience of some of our industries supplies Mr. Gompers with solid testimony in behalf of a middle position which has the endorsement of the several million union wage earning voters. And despite the fact that Mr. Gompers refuses to see any good in it, the recently advanced proposal of the President's Second Industrial Conference is certainly not in basic conflict with his own ideas.

All discussion of the merits of one or another type of arbitration should be prefaced, however, by the warning that arbitration cures nothing. It is merely a necessary device in an emotionally overcharged and economically transitional era, for minimizing resort by any group to the extreme exercise of their economic power by strike or lock-out. The fairest provisions for arbitration do not constitute preventive machinery and they do not of themselves do anything to mitigate the ill-will and distrust which today characterize the relations of managers and workers. The word, arbitration, indicates that the parties most concerned have remained so far apart that a relatively disinterested

party must decide their case for them. That we must have such a device as an instrument of last resort is the scientific conclusion; but let it be utilized in such a way as to call out the maximum of sober and responsible leadership, and to give rise as little as possible to a sense that arbitrary power has been oppressively exerted or that men have been required to work against their will.

There are at least three possible ways of handling the immediate problem of unsettled disputes between employers and employed. Kansas has adopted one. The President's Second Industrial Conference presents another. The industries in which there are national collective agreements or national councils are working on a third.

The Kansas method is that of legal compulsion. Machinery is provided by law requiring the arbitration of disputes not settled by existing machinery in those industries declared under the statute to be affected with a public interest. Findings of a new state industrial court are binding upon the parties to a controversy; and penalties are imposed for refusals to work or continue production "with reasonable continuity and efficiency."

There are other interesting provisions of the law which attempt to prohibit willful limiting or ceasing "operations for the purpose of limiting production . . . or to affect prices." If the statute were to be seriously construed, the court would have to assume within the state functions which in the national government have in the recent past been delegated to the Federal Trade Board, the War Trade Board, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Railroad Administration, the Food Administration, the Fuel Administration and the like. The body of facts and the extent of administrative knowledge required to exercise honestly this function of determining whether employers are curtailing production for seasonal, personal or exploitive reasons, is overwhelming. Indeed, this attempt is too fantastic a legalized wish to be taken seriously. It is rather the aspect of enforced employment under terms dictated by a state court which gives us pause. For although the law specifies the "right of any individual employee . . . to quit his employment at any time," it prohibits conspiring with others to quit employment or inducing others to quit, or picketing; and thus it denies the right of strike at those times when there is no other way to call the public's attention to intolerable terms of employment.

The liberal social scientist has long recognized a number of insuperable objections to the existence of compulsions of this kind. The first is an exceedingly practical one. It has always proved difficult to find arbitrators sufficiently intelligent, liberal

and disinterested to arbitrate to the satisfaction of all. It has also been found difficult to assure enforcement of awards. Moreover, since the concept of "fairness" and "justice" as applied to industrial relations is in such rapid flux, there would be an elaborate and, therefore, static adjudicative machinery trying to deal with situations of an essentially dynamic nature. And the danger would be that precedents rather than the relevant facts would determine decisions.

A further practical difficulty grows out of attempts to enforce the penalties. Are several thousand strikers to be imprisoned or fined? Canada has found it virtually impossible to impose the legal penalties under a comparable statute prohibiting cessations of work while disputes are being investigated—a law which Colorado has copied and which the workers of Colorado are now testing in the courts.

But organized labor's most unanswerable argument is that compulsory arbitration entails compulsory labor and thus denies the basic rights of free citizens.

It is impossible to convince the manual workers that they would have real equality before the law with employers; and without such equality, confidence in findings and acceptance of decrees cannot be expected. Public acquiescence in court decisions in criminal and civil cases grows fundamentally out of a social history which has convinced society of the expediency of the legal method. The security of the judicial machinery depends wholly upon popular faith in the disinterestedness of the tribunal. Whether employers like it or not, the fact is that there is not today throughout the community that confidence in the disinterestedness of our courts in respect to the industrial issues which would assure respectful adherence to their decrees. Hence for this basic reason and for all the other more "practical" reasons, the idea of successfully applying court procedure to industrial cases, is not feasible at the present time. The whole idea of deliberating judicially upon problems concerning which the conflict of interests is so profound would put a strain upon these courts under which they would literally go to pieces.

The method of handling strained relations between employer and employee suggested by the President's conference over which Mr. Hoover recently presided is far sounder and safer. In brief the proposal calls for the consideration of unsettled disputes by district boards composed of employers and workers in the same industry; and if such Regional Adjustment Conference fail there may be reference to a National Industrial Board or to an individual umpire as arbitrator. Reference of a

dispute to the Conference by both parties is voluntary and indicates agreement to abide by its decision. Failure of one or both sides to refer a dispute shall be the signal for creating a Board of Inquiry which is authorized to investigate and give publicity to findings.

This proposal means the legal establishment of arbitral machinery which would work primarily in the hands of local people familiar with the industry, thus securing two essential features of a sound plan,—maximum devolution in consideration of cases and consideration by a group which is an integral part of the industry. The only compulsion is that requiring the Boards to investigate continued cessations of work, although no penalty attaches to such cessations. In short, wherever an employer and his men found agreement impossible, the government would provide a way of further conference with the aid of reasonably friendly and informed business associates, and of arbitration if that proved necessary.

The third method of assuring the full joint consideration of industrial controversies differs from the second in detail rather than in principle. Indeed, the two are really variants on the idea of voluntary action. The President's Conference plan makes no specific reference to the labor unions as the workers' agents and spokesmen. And by omitting such reference it makes it applicable to those plants and industries as yet unorganized. But where labor organization is strong the process of collective bargaining usually develops arbitral as well as conference machinery; and in such cases a point is ultimately reached where national unions stand face to face with national trade associations—as is already true in the glass blowing, molding, printing, electrical and men's clothing trades—and a national agreement or joint organization is consummated.

Under such conditions of national organization of employers and workers throughout an industry, the procedure of arbitration can be most satisfactorily provided. For the national joint body becomes a legislative instrument laying down general rules assented to by both parties and indicating in these rules the machinery of a local, district and national scope to which both sides agree to resort when controversies fail of settlement by the principals. Thus the elements of successful arbitration are fully assured. There is voluntary joint dealing, strong national organizations on each side both having a big stake in peaceful methods of negotiation, voluntary joint adoption of an arbitration machinery and voluntary assent to the findings of arbitrators.

The one shortcoming of this third method lies

less in the method than in the fact that it cannot at present be widely used because of the weakness of organization among both employers and workers in many industries, and in the reluctance of many employers to deal with labor unions. Mr. Hoover's plan on the other hand commends itself because of its immediate availability regardless of the employers' hostility to unions, and because joint action under it can help rather than hinder the get-together process which must in many industries precede collective bargaining. The plan can thus be a real educational force in the direction of a more highly organized industrial world and of the more fully autonomous constitutional government for industry which promises to grow out of national collective bargaining.

Meanwhile if there is to be legislation in which prohibitions and compulsions must feature, why not prohibit the crippling of labor union action by the use of conspiracy, "due process of law" and "freedom of contract" arguments, and compel the recognition of the labor union as a legitimate and necessary association?

Preaching will not bring an end to strikes or lockouts in industries affected with a public interest; nor will scolding; nor, indeed, will legislation or even injunctions—if they are used too frequently.

Responsible action in the avoidance of socially inconvenient and dangerous interruptions of work can never be obtained from trade unions which are fighting for their very life at every step. It can only be expected from associations of workers when they have been accepted as an integral part of the governing body of an industry, responsible to themselves and to society for rendering a public service on terms which assure not merely a livelihood but a life.

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HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY	CHARLES MERZ
FRANCIS HACKETT	WALTER LIPPMANN
ALVIN JOHNSON	PHILIP LITTELL
SIGNE TOKSVIG, Assistant Editor	

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Nonpartisan Labor

THERE are two "nonpartisan" plans for giving labor a share in the control of politics. One is the A. F. of L. plan. The other is Minnesota's. They present interesting differences. And insofar as labor takes a livelier interest in politics the differences become important.

The A. F. of L. plan, as Mr. Gompers has many times explained, is strictly trade union. Each one of the thirty-five thousand local unions in the Federation has been invited to organize its own campaign committee. Friends are to be rewarded, enemies marked for extinction. Probably it will be easy enough to identify the "enemies." But suppose, locally, there are no "friends." That is the situation in which the Chicago Federation of Labor pictures itself, when it comes to indorsing any of Chicago's present representatives in Congress. In such a case, how does the A. F. of L. plan work? Mr. Gompers calls the statement of the Chicago Federation "surprising." What! ten Congressional districts in Chicago, and not one of them in the hands of a friend of labor? To dispose of that idea Mr. Gompers cites six Chicago Congressmen all of whom, he says, have been fair in their attitude towards organized labor. "They are likely to be defeated if the Labor party remains in existence and divides the votes of the workers." Who are the friends thus threatened? Four of the six voted for that Cummins-Esch railway bill against which all of labor's strength, including of course the best effort of Mr. Gompers himself, was ineffectively mustered. Yet these men, when it is necessary to translate into something concrete an ambiguous policy of rewarding friends, become friends apparently for the reason that elsewhere in Congress are men less friendly still. The primaries, suggested a recent A. F. of L. manifesto, can be used for "a smashing effort . . . to nominate members of trade unions for elective office." First smash, however, is not to be made in the city of Chicago.

II.

Like the plans of the A. F. of L., the present venture of the trade unions in Minnesota is called nonpartisan. That is because it proposes using old-party labels. It is not in name a Labor party. It is the Working People's Nonpartisan League.

It was the 1919 convention of the Minnesota Federation of Labor which gave the League its impetus. Minnesota labor had recently been witnessing an experiment in politics. Another league—this one the Farmers' Nonpartisan League of

North Dakota—had come across the borders of its native state and invaded Minnesota with plans for renovation. Its program included, as it included in North Dakota, the establishment of the state in the business of running grain mills and elevators. That might be marked a project designed exclusively for the farmers. But there is a growing belief on the part of labor (witness the All-American Farmer-Labor Congress meeting in Chicago on Lincoln's birthday) that state mills and elevators, anything proposed as a means of shortening the line between producer and consumer, is an experiment quite as much in the interest of city labor as of the farmer himself. In addition, the Farmers' Nonpartisan League speedily lined up in support of a measure for which liberal and radical forces in Minnesota had long been working, a tonnage tax on the rich ore taken from the mines of the Mesaba range. Finally, the Farmers' League arrived with a record of fairness toward industrial labor in North Dakota. Industrialism in that state is not far advanced. There is little trade union coercion. Taking the initiative without coercion, a farmers' legislature in North Dakota had enacted one of the most liberal workmen's compensation laws in the country, as well as laws establishing a minimum wage and an eight-hour day for women in industry, and various measures to safeguard hazardous employment and to limit the issuance of injunction. This League of farmers had taken a stride towards meeting the traditional demands of labor. How far would labor go to meet the farmers?

The Working People's Nonpartisan League was organized to operate with the Farmers' Nonpartisan League for the purpose of putting Minnesota under a joint farmer-labor administration. Unlike the A. F. of L. plan of nonpartisan action, it is not a venture in which the trade unions alone are invited to participate. Its prospectus reads: "Working people, whether members of trade unions or not, and small business men and professional men interested in the welfare of the people and the protection of the most sacred rights of our population, are eligible for membership." There are doctors and lawyers on the roll of the League, as well as trade union members. "Outsiders," of course, are still a minority. It is natural enough that since the League is still a novelty, and originally a trade union venture, the bulk of its enrolled strength has so far been drawn from the unions. How much solid support can it command, however,

in the ranks of organized labor? The most substantial test, so far, has been the municipal elections in St. Paul.

The Working People's Nonpartisan League put into the St. Paul primary a candidate for the office of mayor. The candidate was William Mahoney, a printer by trade, no novice in labor ranks, but president of the St. Paul Trades and Labor assembly. Against Mahoney the opposition marshalled not only the man's inexperience in office, but—with strong emphasis upon Soviet Russia—his association with an unprofessional political body frankly representative of workers. Above all, an effort was made to drive a wedge into the labor vote. On the morning of the primary, for instance, the working people of St. Paul were warned that a vote for Mahoney was a vote thrown away. "Split in the labor ranks has widened as the campaign progressed," said the St. Paul Pioneer Press that morning. "Efforts to line up a solid vote for William Mahoney . . . have been made by his backers within the Trades and Labor assembly, only to be confronted by a stone wall of conservatism that refused to budge for the radical element." At the polls, however, the stone wall melted strangely. Mahoney, labor candidate for mayor, received 10,903 votes as against 8,995 for Hodgson, present occupant of the office. Gutteresen, candidate of two of the St. Paul dailies, ran third. Four candidates for the city council had been indorsed by the workers' League. On the day of the primary they stood first four, in a field of twenty-five. Said the Pioneer Press, the morning after: "As to the results themselves, it is manifest that Mr. Mahoney's following was not only united, but took the trouble to go to the polls."

III.

Hodgson and Mahoney, survivors of the primary, faced one another in the election held last week. Hodgson won. Mahoney now met a united opposition instead of one that had been split two ways. Nevertheless, he came close to doubling his own large vote in the primary, and polled 47 per cent of the total vote cast. Three candidates of the workers' League were elected to the city council.

It is not success in the municipal elections of St. Paul, however, that is essential to the Working People's Nonpartisan League. What counts is its ability to strike a genuine partnership with the Farmers' Nonpartisan League on a state-wide basis. Organized labor is fighting for existence, in Minneapolis, against one big union of the various employers' societies—the Associated Business Organizations. Then, specifically addressed to the task of stopping the political advance of the two

Leagues, is the Sound Government Association. This society, equipped with a publicity medium of its own, is not content with making a case by pointing to certain unmistakable blunders of the Farmers' Nonpartisan League in North Dakota, or by arguing against the radical economics upon which it proceeds. Such issues are not sensational enough for contemporary opponents of innovation. "Minnesota Issues," organ of the Sound Government Association, attempts to merge the farmers' League with communism and the I. W. W.—despite the fact that up to the present time the chief drive of the League has been to give the farmer an economic status that will permit him to hold onto the institution of private land ownership in greater security. The Sound Government Association, in fact, has gone beyond the communists. It has got around to charging that the organized farmers are out to establish free love wherever they are in power. This charge, as in the case of a similar charge now popular in North Dakota, has its most substantial basis in the fact that a book of Ellen Key's, *Love and Ethics*, has been placed on the shelf of the public library at Bismarck. The editors of the Sound Government Association have taken a tip from the people who write about Soviet Russia. What would be their consternation, however, if midway in the search for sound government they inspected the public library of their own city of Minneapolis, and found the same dynamic volume resting on its book-shelves?

The crux of the opposition fight in Minnesota, of course, is the effort to keep farmers and trade unionists divided. Both groups are assured by various friends that it is absurd to think they have anything in common, and that their interests must necessarily be antagonistic. To the farmer is displayed the profiteering trade unionist; to the trade unionist, the gourmand farmer. It is a steady propaganda, and for many years, and in many sections of the country today, an effective one.

There are signs that it begins to work none too well in Minnesota. During the last week of March the Farmers' Nonpartisan League held a convention in St. Paul. The Working People's Nonpartisan League held a convention in the same city, at the same time. Each convention adopted a platform. Each chose a state ticket. The platform and the ticket adopted in each convention is identical.

This unanimity, so disheartening to those who enjoy seeing the forces of labor and the farmers divided, was, of course, not accidental. A joint conference committee kept the two conventions in touch with one another. Candidates were nominated, their names referred to the joint committee, and a report had of each convention's preference

before balloting began. From the list of available candidates the two Leagues chose a ticket headed by Dr. Hendrik Shipstead for Governor, and George H. Mallon, for Lieutenant-Governor. Dr. Shipstead is something of a dark horse in state politics. He is a graduate of Northwestern University; for two years he served as reform mayor of his home town; later he went to the state legislature for a single term, where he worked for the enactment of the long-discussed tonnage tax and received the solid indorsement of organized labor. His running mate, George H. Mallon, is an opponent of that universal compulsory military training for which General Wood was once campaigning. Yet Mallon is not the pacifist and pro-German who ought to be typical of the Nonpartisan League if it fitted its reputation in the New York press. Mallon fought in the Spanish-American war. He also fought in the war against Germany. He got into the Somme offensive and the battle in the Argonne, where he was wounded. For various services he was decorated with the Croix de Guerre, the Legion of Honor, and that highest award of his own country—the Congressional Medal of Honor. Glory of the trenches, apparently, is a game that two can play at. Its inventors have no patent.

With this ticket the two Leagues in Minnesota enter the Republican primaries. They meet a divided opposition. The old guard in Minnesota is split into two factions as a result of Governor Burnquist's support of General Wood. But it will pull itself together, by the time that voting starts. What the Governor did for General Wood will seem a small incident on the broad stream of life when the G. O. P. faces a farmer-labor program that proposes a substantial tonnage tax on iron ore, an eight-hour day for industrial workers, state ownership of elevators and mills, state rural credit banks and, ultimately, state development of basic natural resources. There will, in addition, be a law-and-order plank in the program of the two Leagues. During the last two years in Minnesota, asserts the Nonpartisan Leader, "there have been over 200 authenticated cases of violations of the Constitution, deportations, rotten-egging, beating and stoning of farmers, tar and feathering, lynching, destruction of property by mobs, yellow painting of houses and autos, turning fire-hoses on men and women at peaceful meetings, and other persecutions concerning which the big daily press has been practically silent and for which not a single individual has been punished, under the policy of Governor Burnquist, who has even permitted connivance of peace officers in these crimes."

Certain elections in the east, notably one in

Massachusetts, have turned on the law-and-order issue. That fact, says the Nonpartisan Leader, "encourages the progressive forces of Minnesota to believe the electorate of the state will be sympathetic to a law-and-order candidate who will guarantee enforcement of the laws and Constitution, restoring sanity and making possible an orderly discussion of political and economic issues, and their settlement at the ballot box, under traditional American democracy and fair play, with government by an informed majority of the people."

IV.

A more or less detailed summary of the line-up in Minnesota has seemed worth while, for one reason because of its importance within the state. Minnesota, with its mines and mills, is gateway to the Northwest. It is of first importance, and not only to Minnesota, whether there is in control of the state an administration directly representative of organized farmers and city workers. But there is a second reason why the two Minnesota Leagues are worth marking. That is because the League type of nonpartisan organization is typical today of a movement spreading through the northern half of the Middle West.

It is easy to go wrong, in attempting to gauge broad movements of opinion. Democratic Senators from Washington go into the Middle West and find the country indignant because the Versailles Treaty wasn't thankfully accepted; Republican ears are attuned to catch hosannas being sung in praise of those who worked and fought for reservations. Reporters sometimes have the same facility. Occasionally they can telegraph five stories in five days, disclosing what the farmers of five states are thinking. Public opinion has many faces. If you know which one you want to see, you are more than likely to find it.

It is no vague drift of opinion, however, but a series of overt acts which points to trade union interest in the type of "nonpartisan" political tactics developing in Minnesota. Starting at the westward end of the Great Lakes that interest spreads into Montana. In Wisconsin, a Farmer-Labor League is the result of conferences between representatives of the two groups. In North Dakota political cooperation between organized farmers and organized labor is no new venture, but a fact twice demonstrated in successful state elections. In South Dakota, where General Wood's campaign managers spent forty thousand dollars in a fight for ten delegates, the Nonpartisan League farmers and representatives of the A. F. of L. unions and the Brotherhoods have held a joint convention and put into the field a full state and Congressional ticket. Farther west, in Montana, the state Federation of

Labor has adopted resolutions indorsing the Farmers' Nonpartisan League and condemning the national leadership of the A. F. of L. Finally, in Colorado, the Denver Trades and Labor assembly has voted in favor of participation in the Workers' Nonpartisan League, partner to the League of farmers. From Washington Mr. Gompers raises a query. He addresses the Workers' Nonpartisan League of Colorado. From its platform he selects a phrase declaring the purpose of the League to be "taking control of the law-making and administrative power of Colorado and administering that power in the interests of the heretofore always neglected working men and women." Intent upon a different form of nonpartisanship, Mr. Gompers asks: "Does this mean the Soviet idea?"

V.

"The American Federation of Labor," declares Mr. Gompers in a letter to the New York Times, "is pursuing the course that has been pursued by it since its establishment." Elsewhere (in a statement to the thirty-five thousand local unions on March 28th) he says: "In 1906 the American Federation of Labor's nonpartisan political campaign was carried on with striking success."

It is interesting to note the result of that 1906 campaign which Mr. Gompers singles out especially to validate his own methods of nonpartisan action. The 1906 campaign had just striking enough success to make it necessary for Mr. Gompers to say to his Executive Council three years later:

In connection with the subject of legislation, I beg to suggest that inasmuch as there appears to be little disposition on the part of Congress, particularly in its present make-up, to give the relief that we should have from the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in so far as concerns the Sherman Anti-Trust law, relief from the abuse of the writ of injunction, or to enact legislation for the extension of the eight-hour law, for the protection of seamen's rights, or for the regulation of convict labor, etc., I recommend that we urge upon organized labor and all reform forces to begin an agitation and to organize so as to be prepared to take action in the next Congressional election.

In other words, the campaign of 1906 brought results so meagre that three years later Mr. Gompers was again urging labor to prepare to do something to a Congress too indifferent—"particularly in its present make-up."

In its effort to head off the entrance of labor into politics on any different basis, the high command of the A. F. of L. points to the long record of the past. It summarizes the many decisions, made annually in convention, to steer clear of political alliances that entangle. Certainly there is no doubt about the consistency with which the Federation has stuck to its traditional policy. Neither is there any doubt about the consistency with which it

has admitted its traditional policy to be a failure. Such confessions are not hidden away. They stand out like wireless sending-stations in the annual proceedings of the Federation. They start a long time back, and keep on coming. Last year the Atlantic City convention accepted a report declaring:

As the power and influence of the workers are constantly growing and extending, more subtle and more indirect methods and procedures are adopted and followed by hostile legislators in controverting this power and influence of labor in the legislative halls of our states and nation.

Failure of Congress to enact the several legislative proposals into law, indicated in the report of the Executive Council, is not alone a matter of deep regret. This practice of delay and evasion is a matter for severe criticism and condemnation. We view the action of Congress in adjourning without making adequate provision and appropriation for the continuance of the several needful departments of the government under the control of the Department of Labor, as nothing less than a deliberate attempt to promote the well-being of the few and influential to the detriment of the welfare of the great mass of our people.

And in 1920 leaders of the Federation said:

The inherent rights and principles of our people are threatened. The free institutions of our country are menaced. The ideals of democracy are in danger.

The Congress of the United States has failed to do its duty. It has failed to meet the emergency. It has given encouragement and support to autocratic and reactionary policies. Its dominating thought has been the repression of Labor.

Turn back to the proceedings of 1906. Notice the grievances listed there. All but a few of them you will find still listed, objects unattained, thirteen years later in the proceedings of 1919.

VI.

If the state organizations of the A. F. of L. are in many instances experimenting with a new political weapon, one substantial reason for their dissatisfaction with the old one may be that they have so often and so emphatically been told by their own national leaders that it is a flat failure. It is not the purpose of this article to argue that the Minnesota method of nonpartisan action is any more certain of success. A better test than argument is to watch the next few years. But whether nonpartisan tactics as practiced in Minnesota turn out better than nonpartisan tactics as directed from Washington, there remain between the two plans substantial differences in principle and method.

The philosophy of the A. F. of L. plan recognizes that trade union labor is a minority, but insists that it is a minority lacking adequate protection in law, and possessing, therefore, every right and reason for supporting en masse the candidates who underwrite its program; that program is representative of legitimate interests; but it is not the busi-

ness of organized labor to try to merge its own program with the aims of other groups, until it has written the creed of a majority.

At heart the principle upon which the Workers' Nonpartisan Leagues in the Northwest proceed is something different:

Organized labor is a minority; it is therefore the business of organized labor to seek coalitions in politics until it becomes partner in a commanding majority; such coalitions are possible by the making of a solid compact with the organized farmers and by offering partnership in the cities to all who work by hand or brain; through its coalitions with other groups, organized labor democratizes its program according to the prevailing American standard of political democracy: responsible majority control.

There are other differences between the two plans. It is the business of a League organized for political action to try to keep its purposes constantly before the eyes of the electorate, and not attempt, in the few months preceding election day, to fan up interest in programs and enlighten the rank and file concerning the records of various little-known candidates. That difference is a substantial one. There is also this difference: that because it is with the Farmers' Nonpartisan League and not with the reactionary National Farm Bureau that labor deals, political cooperation between the two groups in the Northwest is something more substantial than an exchange of timid greeting. That fact is demonstrated by the unanimity of the St. Paul conventions, whether or not the two Leagues this time can muster strength enough to win the primaries. But the essential difference between the A. F. of L. plan and the Minnesota plan remains one of principle. Presumably Mr. Gompers would be glad to have for the candidates indorsed by organized labor the votes of those who sympathize with its aims, no matter if they happen to be outsiders. But the A. F. of L. does not offer those outsiders a share in deciding what candidates shall be indorsed, or in drawing the program to which they shall be pledged. Such partnership the Minnesota plan does offer. The joint Labor and Farmer Leagues, moulding their program to fit majority needs and declaring themselves ready to accept responsibility for its administration, function much as if they were wings of a new and independent party. They retain, at the polls, an old-party label. They think that the political inertia of many voters makes it useful. And should they step into national politics, for the achievement of any of those projects which only national action can secure, they will find that "non-partisan" methods present new and obvious difficulties. But within state borders, merging varied economic and political interests within a single char-

ter, the two Leagues offer a real alternative to the two old parties and their well-matched platforms.

Mr. Gompers's telegram to Colorado indicates he is aware that there is more than one type of nonpartisan campaigning. The Middle West, today, cannot seem encouraging to those Federation chiefs who want no innovation. Start with the fact that in a broad northern belt from the Great Lakes to the Rockies the official state A. F. of L. machinery has gone over to the principle of the Workers' League. Add the fact that officially the state Federations of Illinois, Michigan and Indiana, the miners of Illinois and the miners of Ohio, have voted for an independent Labor party—and what is left of the Middle West for traditional non-partisan tactics?

The rank and file of the Middle West may prove inert, hard to budge from its familiar routine at the polls. It may choose to follow Mr. Gompers rather than its own state leaders. These facts remain:

The official A. F. of L. organization, in each state, has its ears near the ground. The official state A. F. of L. organization, in many parts of the Middle West, has parted company with Mr. Gompers on the issues of labor's part in politics. It has not drifted, as a result of government injunctions and wage-dodging, into non-political syndicalism. Perhaps that turn, if it is to come, needs as a preface events more disillusioning than any failure of old parties to keep faith; perhaps it needs a cynicism born in some spectacular failure of an administration elected by labor itself. For the present, in the Middle West among state leaders of the Federation, the drift does not seem that way. These leaders, if newly proclaimed intentions be a guide, seem instead to have set upon control of government a higher value. And in the realization of new aims through political action they delegate to organized labor a part more responsible than it has had before.

CHARLES MERZ.

To a Rider Drowned at Sea

O lover of space and speed,
And of level courses,
And crowded miles on the plain where the goal-posts stand,
Rider of horses,
Lord of the swift dark steed,
Life—for a moment held in thy sole command,—
Here in the dusk is thy goal,
Here dimly appears—
Bearing no garland aloft—thy lintel of home:
Thy race is done and the rein
Of the rider has slipped from thy hand,
Over thy head unheeded, but loud in mine ears,
Go the running feet of the foam,
And the sound of the wild sea-horses,
Riderless,—galloping home!

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

A Note on the Poetry of Love

ALMOST the first thing that strikes one after reading a quantity of eighteenth and nineteenth century English poetry is the preponderance of love-poetry. It seems to have been not only the major theme of every minor poet, it was practically the only theme of even the acknowledged leaders. Sentimental love, ideal love, platonic love, lyric and libidinous love—the variety seems all-encompassing at first glance. And then, beneath the apparent diversity of design, one is disturbed by a singular monotony; one quality stands out which gives this imposing structure a look of shoddy and crumbling artificiality. Its mass merely emphasizes its plastered columns and chipped cornices. The disillusion is bewildering. What has disintegrated? Why is it that what, in our youth, appeared to be a marble temple now seems to be little more than a suburban stucco-house?

The answer is, I believe, fairly simple. These "enamored architects of airy rhyme" were, in spite of their graceful decorations, clumsy in the use of their material; ignorant, at least as artists, of the possibilities of their most common property. They wrote endlessly of women. But, for one reason or other, women had ceased to be human to them and had become somehow both subnormal and super-terrestrial. These poets gave their mistresses strange attributes; they equipped them with inexplicable fancies and extraordinary habits of mind. Unable or unwilling to probe their differences, they accounted for them all by surrounding the opposite sex with a specious and convenient "mystery"; they made the objects of their affection less and less like ordinary human beings until their heroines seemed creatures of another and incredible world. This combination of worship and bewilderment is faithfully reflected in the inability of most modern love-lyricists to write actually about love.

Let us take, as significant examples of the same tendency, three contrary temperaments. To make the range as great as possible, let us choose Pope, Tennyson, Swinburne. To Pope, the feminine world was a world of Dresden china, polite persiflage, bon bons; of elaborate coiffures and compliments. Tennyson saw it as a universe of suave saints with red plush souls; his vision beheld a devotional and nun-like race dominated by impulses angelic in conception and mawkish in fulfillment. Swinburne, looking at the same world at the same time, saw it populated principally by Liliths, Faustines, Messalinas, Dolores-es, Félices, Aholibahs—a tribe of perfumed and perverse ladies lying about in Græco-Gallic gardens. . . . None of

these poets knew or, to be more accurate, knew how to express, what love between the sexes really meant. To Pope it seemed a kind of fleshly *vers de société*; Tennyson found it serene and smug; to Swinburne it was sick and sensual and strange. The more these singers celebrated their heroines, the further the true figure of woman receded until it blurred and was lost in a fog of distortion and unreality.

So—with the exception of Browning and Meredith—with all of the poets. Betrayed by their own preconceptions, they scarcely saw the objects of their lyrical concern. Ignoring the living model, they evolved figures exaggerated and overcolored in one-dimensional effects. Remembering only that the poetry of exaltation will be always the highest, they forgot that man's love-life is not lived on one plane, they forgot that even its exaltation is dependent on an intricacy of kindred and even contradictory moods. They forgot that all human relations, even the tenderest, have been strengthened by the commonplaces and delightful irrelevances of existence. They forgot that a fully-rounded passion has not only experienced the major emotions of possession, hate, hunger and scorn, but has also known the minor moods of irony, irritation, frivolity, ennui. Their poetry pretended to express the depths of the closest intimacy; it simulated candor, promised a complete exposition. But it was scarcely ever a true picture for it neglected the fluctuating phases of love which, besides being ecstatic and mystical, are often petulant, sportive, cynical, sometimes merely companionable, sometimes actually flippant and vulgar.

This queer combination of toughness and tenderness is not impossible in English verse. It is not even new. It can be found not so much in the pages of the latest Georgians as in the lines of the earliest Elizabethans. What is freshest and, above all, frankest in contemporary amative verse attempts the almost forgotten blend of hardness, heat and raillery of the poets of the sixteenth century. A resistless curiosity quickens the literature from Marlowe to Marvell. This radiant honesty smoulders in the sonnets of Shakespeare, breaks into angry sulphur-colored flames in Drayton, showers bright sparks through the levity of Thomas Carew, plays fitfully through the mocking banter of Andrew Marvell and bursts into that blaze of grossness and awe which is the glory of John Donne.

Suddenly something went out of the world. The sparkle died; the ashes, still warm, were scattered. For almost two centuries the poetry of love was also the poetry of false postures, of attitudinizing and primping rhetoric; its very over-emphasis re-

vealed its lack of emotional integrity. Its glow was, in the worst sense, "hard and gem-like," the sham fire of an opal; it was a celebration of the flicker not the flame. From the artificial polish of Pope to the even more polished artifice of Swinburne, little moves except in a skilfully superficial life. Real feeling gives way to a pastiche of emotion; in its desperate preoccupation with passion there is evident the failure to deal openly with this most difficult theme. The artist abdicates; the Puritan is regnant.

It is indeed strange that this Puritanism should be confined to the Anglo-Saxon. It is not, as one hears charged so often, a condition native to his temperament. This inhibitory reticence, incredible to the Latin or the Teuton, does not spring from a prosaic nature, for at heart the English-speaking race is essentially romantic—a tribe of adventurers, inventors, explorers; dissatisfied and probing romanticists. And yet the race that penetrated the dark heart of Africa has pirouetted before the heart of woman and invented elaborate excuses for not exploring that darker continent. It has escaped the hazardous adventure by capitalizing Delicacy, Reverence, Womanhood. Until very recently the attitude of the English (and, for that matter, the American) amorist has been both excessively fervent and exorbitantly fatuous. When the worshipper was not prostrate in a sacramental adoration, he rose no further than his knees to an almost impossibly sentimental one. His prayers and postures were often not so much imitations of passion as parodies of it.

In the last few years we have been witnessing a return to the upright vigor, the wide and healthy curiosity of our outspoken ancestors. No longer addressing the object of man's affections as if she were an embroidered wall-motto or an abstract ecstasy, poets like Thomas Hardy, Lascelles Abercrombie, Rupert Brooke, Siegfried Sassoon, Edwin Arlington Robinson and, most notably of all, D. H. Lawrence, are writing dramatic lyrics and monologues that reveal the loved one as fully as they express the lover; theirs is a love-poetry that searches even while it sings. It is written with a directness that tells of a living and intimate relation. It is addressed chiefly to woman, the divine average, the friend, the fellow-mortal; it has not the sound of a peroration to an absent angel who has either been smirched by or cleansed of the blemish of humanity.

And this poetry combines the two urgencies which impel all vital art:—it fuses the emotion remembered in tranquillity with the passion kindled by the heat and humors of the moment.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

Getting the Stuff in Carolina

THE Internal Revenue office at Washington, not long ago, put North Carolina at the top of the list of states in the capacity of illicit whiskey stills. And by the same authority the county of Orange, in the foothills midway between the Atlantic Ocean and the Tennessee line, was shown to be the banner county of the United States.

When I revisited my home recently after several years' absence the federal agent stationed in Hillsboro had just captured his six-hundred-and-sixteenth still in this county in his five years of tenure; and the captures made by the sheriff and his deputies carried the total for the period well over seven hundred. Everybody I met in the state was talking about moonshiners and the active marketing of their product by bootleggers. This stirred in me a curiosity to learn how prohibition was working in a state that was one of the old dry gathering before national dryness was more than dreamed of. Accordingly I proceeded to make inquiries of all sorts and conditions of men—of lawyers and merchants and college professors and farmers, of rough-necks and silk-stockinged folk, of the men who shuddered at the very sound of the word alcohol, and of the citizens who grew red in the face with indignation at the extinction of personal liberty in the American commonwealth.

For the benefit of those who are asking the flat question, is prohibition a success or a failure, let me state this simple fact at the outset: Ordinary home-made corn whiskey, sometimes called white lightnin', sells for \$20 a gallon and up; and most often up. Add the fact that it is extremely difficult to get at any price, and every man may make his own guess as to how general the drink habit is in the Old North State.

Alcohol is dying, but it is dying hard. More than ninety per cent of the cases in the federal courts have to do with the illegal manufacture or sale of strong drink. Stills are being seized by federal and state agents every day. The men who make the stuff in the woods and the men who sell it in the dark cellars and alley-ways of the towns are tireless, and their professional ardor is unquenchable. They are often sent to jail, but as soon as they are let out they get to work right away at the old job.

Three Views on the Liquor Question

As regards prohibition, people in North Carolina as in other states may be divided into three classes: those who believe in prohibition for everybody, those who don't believe in it for anybody,

and those who believe in it for everybody but themselves.

Now the first of these classes is probably the largest, for the population of the state is religious with a religion of the old-fashioned Puritan strain. The second is negligible. But the third, the class that thinks prohibition is a fine thing for the other fellow, is a large and vastly articulate minority whose thirst puts absolute one hundred per cent enforcement a long way off. There is nothing exclusive about this fraternity. It is made up of high and low, rich and poor. Most of the men the traveler meets on trains and in hotels belong to it. It includes the genial, gossipy, companionable folks—the sort one may condemn in theory but finds most agreeable for daily contact.

Considerable as the drinking is in North Carolina, it is done quietly and with the shades drawn, hardly ever in the public view. There is no open and flaunting consumption of alcohol. On the streets of the larger towns—Winston-Salem, Charlotte, Greensboro, Raleigh, Wilmington, Durham and the rest—drunkenness is a rare sight. One of the amusing contradictions in the situation is the satisfaction that even enthusiastic drinkers take in the improved aspect of their towns since the present law came in. It is common to meet a man who will recite with glee an exploit in obtaining the forbidden article and then in the next breath sum up the dry regime in the phrase, "a mighty good thing for the state."

The struggle against the new order is comical or pathetic according to how one's sympathies lie. The rope is undoubtedly tightening around the neck of the liquor trade, but the victim shakes it loose every now and then and has a short spell of joyous free breathing. With cotton at forty cents and tobacco at a dollar a pound there is a lot of ready money floating about; and the moonshiner, with the profits from a quick turn-over in sight, is willing to run the risk of jail—especially since the sentence is apt to be light. Judges and juries reflect the public sentiment that looks upon moonshining as a game rather than a crime; a phenomenon that is by no means peculiar to North Carolina.

Big Profits for the Whisky-Maker

The men who produce illicit whiskey are experts at fashioning the stills. Beginning with a roll of copper sheeting, some rivets, and a few simple tools, they can make a hundred-and-fifty gallon still in three days at a cost of not more than \$300. With an investment of \$100 more for meal they can turn out in two more days a hundred gallons of corn

whiskey. This they can market—and they know where to do it—at \$15 a gallon. Profit, \$1,100 in five days. Of course, that is not an average case—such complete success comes only when everything works out perfectly. But it does happen that way sometimes. If they can turn out their whiskey and get away with it before the revenue agent arrives, the moonshiners care little whether he captures and breaks up the still or not. They can afford to make another one for the next turn-over.

The automobile is an important factor in the enterprise. One moonshiner was known to have bought a carload of meal at Durham and hauled it away by motor to his woodland retreat in Orange County. The biggest operators, when they have completed a day's work at the still, have an automobile ready at nightfall at the nearest possible point, load their kegs or barrels in it, and make off for the market as fast as the state of the road permits.

The dweller in far-away states, who has read and heard the familiar tales of the moonshiner, pictures him as a desperate mountaineer who works with his rifle always close at hand. And of course there are such. Only a few weeks ago two men of this type were electrocuted in North Carolina for hunting down and killing a man who had informed upon them. But the moonshiner of Orange County—or rather the northern part, for the operators in the southern part are looked down upon as small fry—is not that kind at all. He is a business man. He does not trifle with the puny little fifteen- or twenty-gallon still so often found elsewhere; nor does he mash up corn with crude instruments to make his deadly brew. He despises a still of less than a hundred gallons' capacity, and he buys his meal by the wholesale. He is out for big, quick profits.

A Moonshine Center

In the North, and even in Europe, I had heard from old friends about the Orange whiskey-makers, and of their persistence in the face of a ceaseless and energetic raiding campaign. So when I got back home I hastened to make investigations on the ground.

I doubt if there is a quieter, more orderly county in the United States than Orange in North Carolina. People attend to their own affairs about as scrupulously as anywhere else in the world—except the federal agent, who is regarded by many as unduly meddlesome. Whites and blacks get along excellently together. The court records are remarkably free from crimes of violence. At the extreme southern end of the county is the State

University, the center of a community where life proceeds with all the tranquillity that tradition associates with the precincts of learning. And at the northern end, a score of miles away, the moonshiners pursue their tasks no less conscientiously than the professors and students pursue theirs, albeit with pained regret that the government should be so misguided as to interfere with them.

Hillsboro, the county seat, was the capital of North Carolina in colonial days. It was the headquarters of Lord Cornwallis before he went to meet General Greene in the battle of Guilford Court House in 1781. One of North Carolina's favorite jokes is that if Cornwallis could return to Hillsboro today he would find it unchanged. I know this is a libel, for I saw several automobiles on the main street and a modern cotton mill on the edge of town. But the place retains a rare flavor of old times quite out of harmony with the twentieth century. The families that have played a leading part in the life of the state since the days of the Revolution, that have supplied cabinet ministers, senators, governors and judges, are still there under the same old names.

The federal agent in Hillsboro—he is still called a revenue agent, but this is a misnomer now that the United States government allows no strong drink to be made, tax or no tax—is named Tom Arrasmith. People in Hillsboro look upon his war on whiskey as rather a nuisance, and he says they give the moonshiners considerably more help than they give him. But it is just a game, in which nearly everybody else is on the other side from the government, and there is no hard feeling about it. They all seem to like Arrasmith, they rebuke him good-naturedly for trying to take the joy out of life, and one and all they agree that he is fearless.

But when I questioned him he denied that there was any special need for courage in his job. The one fight he had got into—it left him several bullet scars—he described as an “accident.”

“Those fellows just got excited that time,” he said. “That’s not their normal way. There’s no hero stuff about chasing the blockers in this county.” (Blockers, an abbreviation of blockaders, is another term for moonshiners.) “They are an entirely different type from those quick-on-the-trigger mountaineers up in the western part of the state. If you catch up with them they run, and let you take off their still, and go to work making another one somewhere else in the woods.

“They are in the business for profit. They know they have to run risks, but they don’t want to get into any more trouble than they have to. They’ll do most anything to avoid gun play.”

Varied Patterns in Stills

We went by the court-house to pick up the sheriff with his keys and presently I was let into a room where captured stills are kept pending demolition. There were a dozen or more varieties of them—all, of course, having the common feature of a coiled pipe running out of the top.

“Every blocker has his own method of construction,” said the revenue agent, “and we know the designs so well by this time that when we find a still we can tell just who made it. This one is the Cole pattern; that one at your right was made by the Reillys, and that one—there, behind you—is the Turner pattern. Now this one—” he pointed to still another—“is probably the best of all. We just captured it yesterday. It has a capacity of a hundred and forty gallons. You see how low and squat it is. That means it has a big heating surface and can turn out whiskey much faster than the tall and slender kind.”

He drew my attention to a still over in a corner, quite unlike any of the others. His tone showed he had a great contempt for it. There was something about it that had a familiar look but I did not realize what it was until he explained.

“That is one I happened to pick up on a trip down in the east. The Orange county blockers don’t have any such crude things. It is made of two common zinc wash-tubs, one turned upside down on the other and soldered to it. That is the kind the fellows in the East make their ‘monkey rum’ in. Ours up there, as you see, are all of copper. They are perfectly rounded, and are bound at the seams by dozens of rivets.”

Naturally I was puzzled to know how the traffic could keep up when the pursuit went on so briskly. The people around Hillsboro agreed on two explanations. First, it is easy to get the stills but hard to get the men.

“Many a time,” said the revenue agent, “I’ve found a still boiling away at full blast and the whiskey dripping out of the pipe into a barrel, and then found a muddy streak in the branch or creek where the blockers waded across to get away.”

The second and more important explanation is the extreme mercy of the courts: grasping by juries at any technicality to permit a culprit’s escape; or, if the case is too clear and conviction is obtained, light sentences—though there are some court districts that present exceptions to this. It appears that this lenity accords pretty well with public sentiment. There is little real unfriendliness toward the moonshiners in this section. Even teetotalers look upon them in a sort of humorous, indulgent way. And now that national prohibition is in force there is a

large class of North Carolinians who regard them as their last resort—friends in need. Nothing gives these citizens such a good laugh as to hear that one of the blockers has got wind of a raid and managed to get away with his apparatus before the government in the person of Arrasmith arrived.

Quiet and Prosperous Moonshiners

Most of the Orange county whiskey-makers do not drink at all themselves. Those who do are moderate drinkers. They are quiet and soft-spoken. Many of them are fairly well educated, and they make a practice of sending their children to school. Moonshining has been handed down to them from their fathers and grandfathers as a profession in which they see no dishonor. They have their own code, the main tenet of which is that the American citizen has a right to make whiskey whenever he pleases.

They are not a particularly bad lot except for their one great fault. And of course as long as there are so many reputable citizens all around them who consider this not a fault but a valuable service, the moonshiners themselves are not going to suffer much from the pricks of conscience.

The moonshiner who is even passably successful cleans up several thousand dollars in the course of the year. He does not have an automobile—he has two or three automobiles. He and his wife and children wear good clothes and he has a big bank account. He has a farm for the sake of appearances, but he does not devote much of his attention to that; he works spasmodically, or lets the ground out on shares, and puts his main energies into turning out illicit whiskey.

A Stalking Game

In Orange county the revenue agent, with one or two aids sworn in as deputy sheriffs, goes out hunting stills as he would go hunting quail, except that he doesn't even take a dog with him. The roads and streams are nearly as familiar to him by now as his own backyard, and both road and stream are necessities in the moonshiner's game. The most frequent clue is the sign of wagon tracks turning off into the woods. But sometimes the agent simply follows up a branch or creek, one of the many tributaries of the Eno or the Little River. He looks sharp for smoke and he listens for suspicious noises. And always he sniffs the air, for distilling makes a strong smell. It's a woodman's game of stalking down the prey.

Rarely does a week pass without a capture, and sometimes the stills are taken in batches. When one is found it is taken apart, the parts are carried laboriously through the woods to the nearest road,

and an automobile that has been left two or three miles away is sent for. Now and then a hiding place of the finished product is unearthed, and barrels of white lightnin' are hauled in triumph to Hillsboro. Before Virginia went dry such prizes were sent to Richmond to be auctioned off by the government, but now the stuff is poured out on the ground. Not long ago the agent disposed thus of several hundred gallons while half a dozen men engaged in threshing wheat looked sadly on.

Though Orange county is credited with still holding the record, moonshining goes on in some fashion or other all over North Carolina. In some sections it is flagrant, in others hardly noticeable. In some the federal agents and sheriffs take things easy and act only when information is volunteered, in others they are hot upon the trail. The public is actively hostile to violators of the law in one county, indifferent in another, plainly well-disposed in still another. In the five hundred miles between the coast and Tennessee one can find all varieties of opinion and action on the prohibition question; but wherever he goes he will find a goodly number of the jovial drink-at-any-cost citizens who manage somehow to get the wherewithal to satisfy their thirst—not as often as they would like, but yet fairly often.

Other Alleviations for the Thirsty

Corn whiskey and "monkey rum" (a murderous concoction which is found most often in the east and in which the main ingredient is molasses) are the two principal alcoholic beverages in North Carolina, but there are others. The small still for the home, the kind extensively advertised in recent months, is occasionally found. The conversion of cider into apple brandy is one of the indoor pastimes that finds favor. Some home distillers have become experts, and the brandy turned out from the apple juice is said to be often of a quality that pleases the most fastidious palate.

"Extracts" for flavoring are another device for the relief of illegal thirst. Extract of lemon and extract of ginger are the favorites, with ginger in the lead. The law does not forbid the sale of these articles for their ostensible purpose but does forbid them to be sold as beverages. The loophole that this offers the so-called grocer, who is in reality a bootlegger, is plain enough. If he is arrested he can say, "Oh, I was just selling that for use in the kitchen," and it is next to impossible to prove him a liar in a court of law.

I saw a bottle of ginger extract that came out of a box seized in an express office in a small town in Alamance county. It was of almost exactly the same shape as the familiar whiskey-flask, and its

contents equaled in quantity what a generous bartender used to serve as two drinks. On the label was the legend in bold letters, "Alcohol, 93 per cent."

Flurries of Rebelliousness

Now, the drinking that goes on day by day, and the animated gossip that surrounds it, lead many North Carolinians to call prohibition a farce. I heard that word applied to it several times. But in my opinion that is a short-sighted view. Prohibition is not a farce—it is simply a regime that falls far short of what its most ardent advocates hoped for.

The reason is evident, it is this: Several thousands of men, or several tens of thousands, who learned to drink in the good old days of personal liberty are still living, and they are going to keep on drinking, in greater or less degree, until they die, or until they dwindle to such a small fraction of the population that the other fraction can force its will and its habits upon them. That is the case in a nutshell.

The sane and cool-headed prohibitionist rests his case on the future and not on the present. The new generation in North Carolina is growing up without a taste for strong drink. There are reactions against strict enforcement, flurries of re-

belliousness, but the steady current of sentiment is unmistakable. It is against liquor.

A citizen of Charlotte who admits that he takes a drink when he can find it summed up the case for me in these words:

"There's but one side to the argument—the dry side. As for myself, I'm one of the old-timers who beat the law now and then for their own amusement. But my sons don't know the taste of the stuff, and I hope they never will. All these violations of the prohibition law that you hear about don't mean much. It's just a temporary condition. The real wet sentiment in North Carolina is not a drop in the bucket.

"And when you're discussing prohibition don't forget the women. They are solid against liquor—and there you have half the population to begin with. They'll be voting soon, and their influence is increasing in every way. But I believe even among the men of the state a vote would show a big majority dry.

"You can just put this down for sure: When the women, the churches, and business are united in any fight, as they are in this one, nothing can stand against them. A cause that opposes any one of them is in for a bad time; but a cause that has them all three for enemies hasn't got a chance on earth."

LOUIS GRAVES.

Quid Pro Quo

THE spring of 1920 is as decisive in the history of American education as the spring of 1918 in the history of the Great War. On the success of the campaigns now being waged to increase the salaries of professors in colleges and universities throughout the country depends the very existence of our higher institutions of learning, and the honorable position of the teaching profession as a whole. The hundred or more colleges which are actively campaigning are fighting the battles of all the rest. Broadly speaking, the need of Smith is identical with that of Harvard, and the arguments that present this need have worn as threadbare, during the last months, as the coat of the poor professor.

Yet the four women's colleges which happen to be in the front-line trenches: Smith, Barnard, Mt. Holyoke, Bryn Mawr do occupy a special strategic position which deserves a special defence and appeal. They have been to the women of America what the large Eastern universities like Harvard and Yale and Princeton have been to the men. In

spite of the meagreness of their endowment—the highest salary paid at Smith is \$3,500, at Bryn Mawr \$3,000—their academic standards have been maintained on a high level. They have stood for qualitative values and have—yes, even the most "feminine" of them—fostered a real independence of thought and action which has counted for much in social reform, in suffrage, and other progressive movements. The war record of their graduates was conspicuously good.

We aim, say these once rival sister colleges, to supply America with a certain number of scholars, with specialists in science, education and sundry other professions; but also with intelligent mothers, with public-spirited citizens, with women whose mental equipment will enable them to make a broad, and solid, and productive use of their powers. We believe that our graduates have proved their value. We believe—to quote one of our presidents—that they have paid the country. With the growth of political responsibility for women the training we provide is, we believe, increasingly

necessary to the well-being of America as a whole. If so, the country must give quid pro quo. The cost of education must somehow be met. It can no longer be wrung out of our slim endowment funds, or distilled from the life blood of impoverished professors. It cannot be extracted from the pockets of our students, for in that case our students would be recruited from the rich alone. The education we offer is an expensive article, but it is also a democratic good,—one that—since women furnish 90 per cent of the teachers of the country—is even more involved with the cause of education in general than the higher education of men. We ask you, then, to contribute a few millions to our endowment.

Have a frank talk with a Holyoke or Smith professor and you can estimate what President Lowell has called the "moral deficit" due to the underpayment of the teaching class. It is appalling. Such a professor never had sufficient income to meet expenses and save adequately, but in the good old days he or she did somehow scrape along and counted the summer holiday an asset for scholarly, or literary or scientific work. Now, merely to live, unless he supplement his college work summer and winter both with some lucrative employment the professor must reduce his expenses for clothes by three-fourths, and still have no money for health, education, recreation, or books. Figures which carry a desperate conviction of truth are available in all the colleges.

According to those which have been compiled in the Department of Social Research at Bryn Mawr, based on a calculation of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the cost of living has increased 76 per cent in four years. The average salary increase in that time at Bryn Mawr has been $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In round numbers, the total salary increase has been \$29, whereas the total increase in expenses should have been \$2,400. The average salary of the lower paid full teaching group at Bryn Mawr is \$1,400; the maximum salary \$3,000. Yet Bryn Mawr had a deficit of \$45,000 in 1918-19, and it cost the college \$316 more per student for tuition alone than the tuition fee of \$200, paid by the student, allowed for.

The rates charged students are approximately equal in all the colleges. Professors' salaries are also about the same. Everywhere the same disproportion between salary and cost of living; between tuition fee and actual cost of education. Therefore Smith, our largest woman's college, with an enrollment of 2,000 students, is trying to raise four millions, apportioned as follows: \$1,500,000 for increase of salaries; \$1,500,000 for dormitories, furnishing an income also to be applied to

salaries, and \$1,000,000 for essential buildings. Barnard, with an enrollment of 801 students, is asking for \$500,000 to complete a twenty-fifth anniversary million dollar endowment fund. Mt. Holyoke, with 811 students, is asking for three millions, two for salaries and one for buildings. Bryn Mawr, with 458 students, is asking for two millions, the income of which is to be entirely devoted to increasing salaries.

If the business men of the country actually realized that unless these millions are forthcoming their children are bound to have a fourth-rate education there would be no trouble in raising the millions. The man who "takes no interest in college education for girls," yet proposes to send his children "to the very best schools" is arguing in a circle.

The best schools draw their teachers from the colleges, and at present college graduates are finding any number of other professions more tempting than that of pedagogue. A certain teacher who gave \$100 out of her year's salary of \$700 to her Alma Mater "in order to help the cause of secondary education" recognized this. So did the hard-worked wife of a professor at a mid-western coeducational college who renounced a maid, for a year, in order to contribute the wages to her own college endowment. When asked why she was willing to make such a sacrifice, she said that if professors at — were better paid, her husband might in a year or two be better paid as well, and she might possibly be able to give her children as good an education as that which she had had herself.

The truth is that there is almost as great "solidarity" in the teaching profession as in the A. F. of L. The present dearth of teachers, in all parts of the country, and in all types of schools, is not fortuitous. It is directly traceable to the advertisement of teaching as an occupation which does not pay a living wage. 500,000 children have no teachers in America in the year 1919-1920. Over a million are being instructed by teachers with only elementary qualifications. In New York state alone, 1,000 towns closed their schools because of a shortage of 5,000 teachers. The enrollment in normal schools has diminished from 50 to 75 per cent. The education departments in the colleges have fewer and fewer students. Yet the latest pedagogical theory establishes that we need more, rather than less mature and trained teachers, than in the past. If the early years of a child's life are as important as the psychologists claim, our colleges should be turning out young women ready to devote their best energies not only to higher and secondary education but to a branch hitherto con-

fided to the immature and half-trained—primary teaching.

But a large proportion of the graduates of our colleges will not and should not be teachers, even if teaching is restored to its old, distinguished place, and given increased rewards. More executive and administrative posts than they can fill are now open to them, social service, business, law, medicine, all demand a college education as a basis for specialized training. There seems to be no doubt that the training college women receive gives them an ability to weigh facts, to act and think straight, which the untrained woman does not usually possess to the same degree.

To be sure, the college graduate herself, looking back to her four years of academic life with a non-sentimental eye can generally find a good deal of specific fault with it. Here, and here, it failed; it was too bookish, perhaps, too cloistered, too detached from the real world. But, on the whole, whether gained at Smith or Holyoke or Bryn Mawr, it did prepare her for life. It taught her scientific method. It set her free of certain feminine inhibitions. It gave her something like an equal chance in the world of men. It gave her practical weapons with which to achieve economic independence and, on the side of spirit and intellect, an entry into a world whose treasure is not to be measured in dollars and cents. That is why Smith and Barnard and Bryn Mawr and Holyoke,—and Vassar and Wellesley and all the other women's colleges as well, each of which has an individual and special contribution to make,—should be liberally endowed by the whole American community.

The community has the right and the duty to exact in return that money given for endowment shall not be devoted to more showy and less vital needs. In a growing institution like Smith, buildings and equipment may be as necessary as endowment. But most of our colleges are overbuilt. As the efficiency experts say, a college is only as good as its teaching staff. The donors of dollars should also require that all their money be not handed over to elderly full professors, however deserving and long-suffering. One of the great faults of our colleges has been their systematic discouragement of the young instructor. Slow advancement and starvation wages have been his portion. Yet unless our finest and most vigorous young men and women can be induced by good salaries and real responsibility for academic action to take up teaching again, we may as well close the halls of Academe. Give the women's colleges of the East the mandate for the new policy.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

The Louis Post Case

I SUPPOSE the witch-burners had audiences. The hearing-hearers of Washington sometimes seem to me their lineal descendants. A large collection of them thickly lined the room of the Committee on Rules of the House to hear Louis Post baited. And they remained to see the torturer tormented. At the head of the table sits the gentleman from Kansas, Mr. Campbell, his 1840 curl upon his narrow forehead seeming to look constantly, in vain, to find the stock and swathing black tie that should complete its picture. There, next to him, sits the gentleman from North Carolina, Mr. Pou, steadily, patiently pursuing Something Hidden within the recesses of his pallid countenance—Something that bulges now from this cheek, now from that, always roundly covered by that pallid, unrevealing face, unrevealing of other things besides cuds and quids. Further down the table are other gentlemen from other states and of varying degrees of bulbousness, from the moderately portly and round-eyed to the extraordinarily portentously protuberant and puff-eyed. They leap into the breach from time to time as the hearing proceeds and between whiles they join other gentlemen from other states who have also come to see the baiting but who have just dropped in for a moment and who, therefore, stand modestly in corners. They join these other gentlemen and they whisper loudly:

"We built a fire under *him* . . ."

They spill about the words (in coarse whispers):

"Traitor . . ." ". . . radical . . ."

In the meantime there stands opposite the gentleman from Kansas the short shaggy figure of the Accused. But hardly a half score of questions had been given before it thrilled electrically through the hearing-hearers,—even the most blasé of them,—that this Accused was of a new and different variety. He anticipated attack, he welcomed it, he ran to meet it with every weapon of fact, of humor, of legitimate pride. So that by the end of the second afternoon Congressman Pou emitted an unexpected word. He confessed that the testimony had convinced him that Mr. Post had "acted throughout the deportation cases with a high sense of his duty as a conscientious officer." This extraordinary and unexpected tribute on the part of a member of a hearing committee has had to be explained. For such a member of such a committee to desist from being the prosecuting attorney long enough to emit a remark predicated upon any hypothesis of simple justice is, as every hearing-hearer knows, an amazing phenomenon. Mr. Pou's sudden tribute has been explained as having been

dictated by political considerations from the White House. But that explanation is far from a necessary one. The whole situation has been so freighted with missed political opportunities on the one hand and with misunderstood and over-estimated political opportunities on the other, that one is forced to the conclusion that politics are playing a small part in the situation. The emotions that charged the air in that little committee-room were identified with no party. They were the recognizable ones of fear and ignorance.

Against these fears stood Louis Post, steadily adducing evidence whose predication was calm judgment upon proved fact, under the responsibility of executive decision.

Under that responsibility not even the pending resolution of impeachment charged him with any corrupt or self-serving conduct. Nor does it allege that in any respect he has laid down as guiding him any erroneous view of the law. Nor does it charge him under that commonest of cloaks for partisan attack, "insubordination," with having disobeyed his superior officer.

Quite clearly and soon it became manifest that out of the thousands of deportation cases which have passed over his desk, there were a large number of "border-line" cases in which, if a man were to be anything but an automaton in office, he must find and hold delicate scales for judgment.

Quite clearly and soon it became manifest that, whether of foreknowledge or not, the original report of the Immigration Committee upon which the present hearing before the Rules Committee is largely based, contains highly significant omissions of evidence. Memoranda and letters from agents of the Department of Justice, of the Department of Labor, of Mr. Post himself, are put often in apparently conclusive juxtaposition. But the actual evidence upon which Mr. Post came to his final decision has in many of these same cases been omitted. Again, the inference was permitted to broadcast itself that Mr. Post had somehow taken away from Mr. Caminetti certain prerogatives of punishment. In Mr. Post's testimony it soon became manifest and clear that those prerogatives had never belonged to Mr. Caminetti any more, as Mr. Post said, than they would have belonged "to an office boy, or to a secretary of the Secretary employed to do clerical work."

It was not without interruption that Mr. Post made his history of deportations in the United States. There were passages at arms in which somehow Mr. Post refused to remain in the role cast for him by the Congressional Committee,—that of an Unpatriotic Worm crossed with an Impractical Theorist,—and became instead the

Guardian of old-fashioned Americanism, and the Curator of Facts. At such times the hearing-hearers were treated to dialogues like this:

The Worm: "As this Committee might have found, the evidence and the memoranda did not tally."

The Committee: "During the years when only physical cases for deportation came before the Commissioner his report was accepted, but when political cases began to appear, you began to review?"

The Worm: "I see your implication. I did not. Long before that I had been going direct to the evidence to make my own decision on it."

The Committee: "But the change was not made till there were political offenders involved?"

The Worm: "The change was not made till I was convinced the Commissioner-General was exceeding his authority."

The Worm: "You have to define what the prisoner means by Anarchy. Often he will call himself an Anarchist when his meaning falls under no accepted definition. I fancy all of us here in this room are Anarchists, in the sense that we need no law, no enforcement of law, to prevent us from picking each others' pockets."

Mr. Pou: "I beg to be excused from being called an Anarchist under that definition or any other."

The Worm: "I excuse you."

Agitated gentlemen kept going into corners and emerging with a new question from another side of the room. Memoranda of unknown origin seemed to appear. But the shaggy black-haired figure with its seventy-three years born so lightly on its square shoulders and shown not at all in voice or bearing kept on refusing to be a Worm.

Worm: "In all this 'sweep' in which people's houses were entered and men were arrested without warrant . . . three pistols were found, two of them 22.'s and one of them in a suit case. No chemicals and dangerous things. Of the 6,350 arrested only 40 or 50 said they believed in violence. Simply membership that was all that had to be proved and that so-called membership was frequently an 'automatic membership.' Many of these aliens thought they were joining a club or educational society of their own race. Many had children born here who were American citizens. . . ."

The Committee: "You would let a man off because he had children?"

The Worm: "What I said was that when I was in doubt I would not be keen against a good man and a good parent. If this Committee disagrees with me on that I shall be willing for it to make any decision against me. There should be humani-

ty. If there is doubt, he should be given the benefit."

The Committee: "Humanity does not enter into it."

The Worm: "Chairman, you and I are at absolute variance both as a matter of law and as a matter of fact."

The Committee: "In dealing with these cases did you take into consideration the principles of criminal law?"

That was very solemnly and ponderously said. The shadow of the Bishop of Blois seemed to hover over Jeanne.

The Worm: "I do apply them. (The Worm happens to be a lawyer himself.) The Supreme Court has decreed that Congress has turned this whole matter into the hands of the administrative side of the government and not the judicial. The courts will not interfere except where there is *no* evidence. My judgment is that where the executive department of the government is the absolute judge whether a man remain we should be all the more careful because he has no redress in the courts. I consider the criminal law a protection in its humane and just and American principles and apply them, and I doubt if the Senate of the United States will differ with me. Administrative procedure is a dangerous process in this country and it is pretty near time a check was put on it. I have drawn from the criminal law its principles which recognize the right to a fair trial."

As he stood there, unbowed, ungrayed by his

seventy-three years, there seemed to pass forms, shadowy, real. They were the figures of the ignorant, the hampered, the misunderstood—the Aliens. Back of them were the terrified upholders of our government. And back of them there seemed, shadowily, to be the Committee of Americanizers that sit in high places. But in the foreground, unterrified by the unreined emotionalism of either, stood a little man, cool but fiery, who set his belief in the Constitution of the country above all fears and who could amass facts.

So amassing them, he told of the 6,350 warrants issued, from January 1st to April 28th. Of these 2,015 were reviewed; 547 were ordered deported; 45 deferred; 1547 were cancelled and 431 are pending.

And so defending the Constitution he has refused to exact excessive bail; he has insisted upon speedy hearings for men who might be found subject to deportation; he has required that the persons accused be informed of the nature and cause of the accusations against them; he has refused to take advantage of evidence extorted from the aliens by duress and threats in the secret inquisitions of the Department of Justice.

It was the very strong impression of the confirmed hearings-hearer that whatever the Campbell Committee may finally decide to report, when it went away from that room in the Capitol on the afternoon of the eighth of May, it had very much the aspect of a group of gentlemen who had picked up a very hot poker and were looking for some place to cool it.

The Amalgamated and the Boss

LOOKING at something cheerful for a change, one might look at the Labor Adjustment Boards in the men's clothing industry—at the one in Rochester, for instance.

I looked at that one a bit, and I was quite cheered—to say nothing of being entertained by the reflection that, perhaps, after all it does take a good class-conscious union like the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America to operate a good sane solid scheme of daily collaboration with Capital.

I call it collaboration. It is not mere grievance-abating. It is not a scheme for simply rubbing in just enough oil to keep a sore spot from getting too angry.

In the first case I listened to in the Rochester Wage Adjustment Board there was a decision regarding the wages of certain "cutters." This de-

cision did not give those cutters what they asked for. It gave them *more*.

The Labor Adjustment Boards in the men's clothing industry seem to try to deal with spots by finding standards—standards of fact and of right. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America is an industrial union with a great interest—a great present interest—and a still greater prospective interest—in the men's clothing industry. It represents "the people" in the men's clothing industry. The Labor Adjustment Boards which it promotes are tribunals for an attempt at a democratic determination of industrial fact and of industrial right in what is always on the tongues of members of the Amalgamated—"The Industry."

"Remember," said Mr. Sidney Hillman, President of the Amalgamated, speaking at the con-

vention of the Amalgamated in Boston last week, "remember:

"We cannot defeat The Industry. Labor can never defeat an industry. When it tries to defeat its industry, it defeats itself."

The Amalgamated is interested not simply in the organization of Labor. It is interested in the final organization of Industry.

The first step those discontented cutters in Rochester took—to forward their case—was to present it to their shop chairman. In each shop in the organized men's clothing industry in Rochester—in each shop (that is) that belongs to any member of the Rochester Clothiers' Exchange—which means in almost every shop in the whole of The Industry in Rochester—there is a shop-chairman. He is elected by all persons in the shop—unionists and non-unionists. Each shop is an "open shop."

But it is sincerely an "open shop." Therefore the men and women in it tend toward joining the union. And the manufacturers tend toward being very willing to have them join. Proletarian discipline is found to be able to do some things that capitalistic discipline cannot do.

In New York, for instance, there were workers who left their shops to go to other shops to get wages higher than the wages set by the agreement in the industry in the New York "market." The owners of the shops to which these men went were willing to out-bid other owners in wages at that moment. But a distinction of nature then appeared between an owner in an industry and a consciously industrial union in an industry.

The individual owner may find it personally advantageous to pay excess-wages. The result may be excess-costs and then excess-prices. But it may also be—for him—personally—through getting his goods quickly into an active market—much profit.

The interest of the union is different. The individual owner may withdraw from the industry. The union remains. The capital of the individual owner may be transferred to the candy industry. The worker's capital—his skill—is a men's-clothing-industry capital. It remains. The individual owner may pay excess-wages, incur excess-costs, charge excess-prices, and wreck the consuming demand and go to Palm Beach. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, with its members walking the streets for jobs, remains. It is the one institution which is abidingly and inescapably of the men's clothing industry. It humanly is the industry.

Therefore, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America took notice of the cases of certain of its members in New York who were leaving their shops to get excess-wages from the owners of other

shops and it made those members pay those excess-wages back.

Capitalistic discipline could not control the owners. Proletarian discipline controlled the workers. And, through controlling the workers, it controlled the owners, too.

Again, if a worker leaves a shop without giving the required week's notice, what can the owner do? But the Amalgamated can do a great deal. It pervades the whole industry. It is not a competitive fractional part of it. It is a cooperative brotherhood of the working force of the whole of it. The Amalgamated can make that worker go back to that shop and work that week out or lose his Amalgamated membership throughout the industry—a most pursuing and deterring loss.

Mr. Max L. Holtz, President of the Rochester Clothiers' Exchange, has not failed to remark the value of proletarian discipline. Mr. Samuel Weill (of the Stein-Bloch Company), and Mr. Holtz (of Louis Holtz and Sons) seem to have been quite especially responsible for the earnestness with which the Rochester Clothiers' Exchange entered into a working agreement with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and into a loyal and conscientious support of the work of the Rochester Labor Adjustment Board. To an annual meeting of the Clothiers' Exchange Mr. Holtz then said:

"The necessity of allowing the employees to organize along lines of their own choosing also was recognized. If only as a matter of convenience, it is easier to deal with one man than with 10,000; but when the added weight of *the discipline which a well-organized union wields among its members* is thrown into the balance, recognition of some form of employees' organization becomes imperative."

The "cutters" whose wages I saw raised by the Rochester Labor Adjustment Board were not without discipline. They presented their case to their shop chairman, and waited. They waited quite a while.

I detail this case because it is characteristically a case of the sort that leads to a stoppage and then to sympathetic stoppages in other shops and then to a hurried settlement on a split-the-difference and halve-the-facts basis and then to a muddled resumption of work in a twilight zone of hasty half-right half-wrong Good-Lord Good-Devil compromise. It leads to those things readily—in ordinary circumstances.

In the circumstances existing in Rochester those cutters waited working. Dr. Meyer Jacobstein, chairman of the Labor Managers of the manufacturers belonging to the Rochester Clothiers' Exchange, told the Taylor Society the other day that

the stoppages in the organized men's clothing industry in Rochester in the last eight months of 1920 were only one-tenth of one per cent of total time.

The shop chairman of the waiting cutters, having received their case, could call in the representative of a certain union body to assist him.

This body is called the Joint Board. It consists of union members elected by all of the several local branches of the Amalgamated in Rochester. These members represent the Amalgamated as it exists in the shops. They meet as a Joint Board in the evening after working hours. They employ a fellow-worker to be their Manager. He stops working in the shops and gives his whole time to working for the Joint Board. He becomes the chief representative of the Rochester membership of the Amalgamated in negotiations with Labor Managers in shops—and in the Labor Adjustment Board.

This fellow-member in Rochester is Mr. A. I. Pearlman—Abraham Isaac Pearlman. It is not inappropriate that Jacob was left out of his name. Mr. Pearlman wears an aspect of ingenuousness rather than of subtlety. It is one of his great good fortunes as a negotiator. I can say that I have never heard livelier expressions of confidence about a man—for his character and for his skill in negotiations—than I heard in Rochester from both sides—from the side of the employees and from the side of the employers—about this very suddenly trained negotiator, this pocket-maker.

A few months ago Mr. Pearlman was a pocket-maker. If he were a pocket-maker now, he would earn more money than he earns salaried by the Joint Board. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers is rich in such service, such character, such skill, drawn suddenly up out of the shops, lying in the shops unused and, perhaps, unusable till stirred and directed to a proletarian—a proletarian—purpose.

The shop chairman of the waiting but really very grieved cutters came to Mr. Pearlman and to other assisting Amalgamated officials with a really very grievous tale. These cutters were cutting in a shop in which the product was very good—and very difficult. They had to spend much time on garments of which the designs were very intricate. But their rate of pay made no adequate allowances for difficulties and intricacies. They were turning out some of the finest work in Rochester, and yet their wages—they thought—were quite below the general Rochester level of cutters' wages.

So negotiations proceeded—negotiations in the shop—direct negotiations—between Amalgamated officials and the shop's management.

Each owner of a shop in Rochester affiliated to the Rochester Clothiers' Exchange has a Labor

Manager. He has a Labor Manager all for his own factory, or else he shares in a Labor Manager for a group of smaller factories. In any case, on behalf of any shop, there is an employer's specialist in negotiations.

But in this case the direct negotiations failed. The management of the shop could not see the raise which the cutters wanted. So the case proceeded onward—while the cutters still waited—to the Labor Adjustment Board.

In the office of that Board I saw Professor William B. Leiserson sitting as Impartial Chairman of a semi-circle of some twenty Labor Managers and Amalgamated officials. The Labor Managers were present as representatives of firms within the Rochester Clothiers' Exchange and—in effect—were representatives of the Exchange. The Amalgamated officials—including Mr. Pearlman and certain business agents of Amalgamated local branches and two National Amalgamated organizers (Mr. Strebel and Mr. Cursi)—were present as designated representatives of the Amalgamated's local Joint Board. The Clothiers' Exchange and the Joint Board lie back of the Labor Adjustment Board. The Labor Adjustment Board—in effect—is a meeting of the employers' union and the employees' union through certain specialized agents to speak to the Impartial Chairman, whose decisions—within the field of the working agreement between the two unions—are final for The Industry in Rochester.

The Impartial Chairman is also a specialist. In spite of being called Impartial, he is not selected for ignorance of Labor or for previous complete indifference to the lives of laboring people. Nor is he selected for never having studied anything.

Professor Leiserson, before he became Impartial Chairman of the men's clothing industry in Rochester, wrote a large and deep report on Unemployment for the State of New York and made an Unemployment Survey for the United States Commission on Industrial Relations and managed Employment Offices for the State of Wisconsin and was Professor of Political Economy in Toledo University. He is learned. And yet he is not too learned for this industry.

The pressure of the Amalgamated toward a scientific proof of the arguments about hours and wages and other conditions in the men's clothing industry has impelled the industry toward learning. I would not embarrass anybody by calling him learned, but in Rochester Mr. Leroy Snyder—I notice—who is now Labor Manager for Rosenberg Brothers and Company—for instance—was formerly Director of the Rochester Bureau of Municipal Research, and Dr. Jacobstein—for instance

—who is now Labor Manager for the Stein-Bloch Company—was formerly Professor of Psychology in Rochester University, and there is a temperamental manufacturer of men's clothing in Rochester who refuses to say "Labor Manager." He says: "A Professor came into my shop."

It is found that in a combat or collaboration with a strong class-conscious studious union, which is interested in The Industry, one needs more than an Elbert H. Gary sociological hunting outfit. One needs more than spies and sluggers and propagandists who can persuade the public to suck eggs out of mare's nests. One has to have learning—the orderly assembling of knowledge—the will and the faculty for it.

One also has to have learning continuously—not once a year. An Impartial Chairman in the men's clothing industry is not dragged out of a university or a lawyer's office or a country estate once a year to be wise about everything in a strange industry for two weeks and, get it all laid out on an ironing board and pressed to stay creased for twelve months flat without a wiggle. An Impartial Chairman in the men's clothing industry—in Rochester, anyway—has a job. He works at it all the time. It is expected that wiggles will happen. The Impartial Chairman is right there all the time to try to straighten them out as they come. He is ready to walk through any part of The Industry where the mystery of "unrest" develops at any time into a "problem."

I watched Professor William B. Leiserson—whose learned feet are not separated from the ground by any visible gap—walk through several problems requiring—I must say—a faculty other than learning—and getting it. When Mr. Leiserson—last December—settled the wage-increases and the wage-scales in The Industry in Rochester for the ensuing six months, dealing with sleeve-sewers, trimmers, joiners, back-makers, first basters, second basters, and so on, he needed a great deal of orderly assembling of knowledge. On the afternoon when I watched him he needed the sword of Solomon.

There was the problem of who should pay for a coat that had got spoiled by getting a pocket put onto it wrong. The worker? Or in this case the employer? And what about raffling it off in the shop?

And there was the problem of what should be done for—or to—an "under presser" who had been trained by the management of his shop into becoming, or toward becoming, an "off presser" and who was due to rise accordingly from \$35.00 a week as an "under presser" to \$41.00 a week as an "off presser" by easy apprentice raises of

\$1.00 extra added to his weekly pay once every two months for the space of a year but who felt that he was such a good "off presser" by nature or by his excellent training that he ought to be allowed to skip the apprentice stage and get \$41.00 straight off at once now.

But the serious problem was the case of the underpaid cutters. Mr. Leiserson announced his decision. I call it a decision quite entitling Mr. Leiserson to the remark Mr. Holtz made about him to the Clothiers' Exchange at the Exchange's annual meeting—namely, that in the choosing of a man to do this sort of work "rarely has a more happy choice been made." That decision by Mr. Leiserson about those underpaid cutters was not really Mr. Leiserson's decision at all. Mr. Leiserson ascertained—and accepted—the inner common sense of The Industry itself.

There had been a Committee appointed—a Committee of Four. The members of the Labor Adjustment Board had concurred in the sending of the matter to that Committee for study. The members of that Committee were working members of The Industry. Two of them were selected by the Labor Managers sitting in the Labor Adjustment Board. Two of them were selected by the Amalgamated officials. The Labor Managers selected a foreman and a time-study efficiency man. The Amalgamated officials selected two cutters, from shops other than the shop containing the controversy. And the cutters in the shop containing the controversy—I observe—waited some more.

The Committee of Four went to that shop. It observed the methods and wages there, and compared them with the methods and wages elsewhere. A report was drawn up. It gave the cutters in that shop a raise quite above their demand. It gave them a raise by a percentage which I forget but which was very high, very heavy. It was then signed—this report—and it came to the Labor Adjustment Board with the signatures of the two cutters, the foreman, and the time-study efficiency man—all four.

"A unanimous report," said Mr. Leiserson, "I regard as presumably a good report." He thereupon declined to be wiser than The Industry and announced the report as his decision.

I cannot truthfully say that the Labor Manager of the firm thus ordered to go to large expense to become an harmonious equalized member of The Industry was grateful. On the contrary, he uttered remarks registering intense amazement and disgust. But he was only exercising, apparently, the right of industrial free speech. He seemed to contemplate no act of sedition or rebellion. The case was con-

cluded, and the Impartial Chairman went on to the next case.

I forbear to enter into that case—the case of an employer whose “open edge pressers” were pressing only about 115 coats while “open edge pressers” in other shops—according to him—were pressing some 200. I gathered that a Committee for study—like the Committee in the cutters’ case—would be sent to his shop.

I enjoyed the spectacle. After the savagery of the steel industry, here was some civilization. Here was an industry which was not simply a thing owned but a thing bearing forward the enlarging self-awareness of people in their work—which has something to do not only with civilization but with the roots of culture.

The Amalgamated is in essence a cultural institution. Its lectures, its concerts, its gatherings of people to listen to the offerings of its educational departments—they follow along irresistibly after its vision of industry as made for man. And its Labor Adjustment Boards follow along. The Industry—the organization of The Industry as an industry—by and with the advice and consent of the population of The Industry—a union with that idea—with that idea of the future—with that interest in work—can of course collaborate in work today, for the better working training of The Industry’s population daily.

Will the Rochester Clothiers’ Exchange have strikes? There can be no guarantee of certainty against strikes. But the Rochester Clothiers’ Exchange gets at least a little real peace during peace. It gets some real collaboration—some real working together.

It reaps now the fruits of its sense and courage in entering into an agreement with a union which Senator Lusk’s Committee, visiting Rochester, tried to portray to Rochester as a criminal “syndicalist” union devoted to some sort of scheme for bouncing capitalists out of garment-factories by means of plots and terrors. The Rochester Clothiers’ Exchange was not terrorized by Senator Lusk’s Committee. It entered into an agreement with a “radical” union; and production in its shops per work-person per work-hour—in the three large shops keeping record of it—went up.

These employers seem to be realistic—not theoretical. They seem to have some confidence in their own idea. They seem to be willing to stake their own idea of the future against the Amalgamated’s idea of the future, if only the present can be made to make its wheels go round.

I was cheered about employers, too. At any rate—I mean—Mr. Holtz and Mr. Weill and their colleagues seemed to me to be what employers claim to be—business men.

WILLIAM HARD.

The Bandwagon

“OH, THE LITTLE MORE AND HOW MUCH IT IS!”

“We do want Germany to pay and we see that there must be some measure of economic recovery if she is to do so. We realize that it will not be easy to strike the exact happy mean which will allow Germany to recover enough to pay without gaining sufficient strength for her to refuse to do so.”—*“A high diplomatic authority” in France, quoted in a dispatch to the New York Times.*

YOU CAN’T HAVE YOUR CAKE AND EAT IT TOO.

Justice Aspinall, commenting on the question whether women should serve on juries: “It is mentality, not sex, we want in the jury box.”—*New York World.*

OUR CANDIDATE FOR THE LAW-AND-ORDER NOMINATION.

“Now, therefore, by the power vested in me, I hereby declare public speaking, organizing, agitating or discussions of matters pertaining to labor organizations for or against, to be a menace to the public and any one violating this proclamation will be dealt with according to law. This proclamation extends to the full bounds of the City of Hazard.”—*Mayor, City of Hazard, Kentucky.*

MAY DAY IN MOSCOW.

“When the workers of London and Paris and Rome, yes, the workers of New York, imitate the Moscow populace by sanctifying the spirit of unremitting labor the day of recovery will be close at hand.”—*Editorial in The Sun and New York Herald.*

THE STATESMEN IN THE SENATE.

Mr. Pomerene: “Having refused to accept the obligations of the Peace Treaty we nevertheless propose, under this resolution, to accept its benefits.”

Mr. Knox: “We do not accept any benefits; we merely decline to waive our rights to them.”

COULD ANYTHING BE MORE LOGICAL?

“It is extremely difficult to understand why any citizen of Minnesota, with the object lesson of North Dakota, should subscribe to the Non-Partisan League. The fact that thousands of Minnesota citizens have done so is the most convincing argument of the deadly menace of the League.”—*“Industry” (a semi-monthly publication.)*

FOR CORONER

VOTE FOR

J. D. GOSS

“THE WHITE MAN’S CANDIDATE”

“They have disqualified the Negro, an American citizen, from voting in the White primary. The Greek and Syrian should also be disqualified. *I don’t want their vote.* If I can’t be elected by the white men, I don’t want the office.

A Syrian, by the name of R. M. Saliba, wrote a piece to The News, asking the white voters of Jefferson County not to vote for me for Coroner. . . . He went on to say that Christ was a Syrian, and if this was the case and he was in Jefferson County, I would not want him to vote for me. . . . So go to the polls on May 11th and vote for J. D. Goss, the White man’s candidate, and show these Greeks and Syrians that they are unwelcome citizens in Jefferson County, Alabama.”

CORRESPONDENCE

Europe Needs Russia

SIR: In November, 1918, I had the privilege of seeing Mr. Herbert Hoover in Washington and of talking to him. I have talked in my life with many prominent men, such as Count Witte, Clemenceau, Foch, and many others, but I must frankly admit that no one yet has impressed me as profoundly as Mr. Hoover. I shall never forget these words of his, "The fate of Europe is closely bound to that of Russia,—America cannot alone feed Europe. The difficulties of transportation and the question of exchange are not the only reasons—there are many others—it is pure madness to think otherwise."

It took fifteen long months for the European politicians to realize how true the words of Herbert Hoover were, and to adopt his view. After two years of blind, senseless, and heartless politics, the former Allies of Russia have come—through blood and hard experience—to understand what Russia really is. They have come to realize that Russia cannot be helped by their so-called friendly assistance, but can only be saved by her own energy; it must originate from within through the natural and very powerful instinct of national self-preservation. The former politics of the European countries have now changed and they have graciously consented to trade with Soviet Russia. The Almighty rulers of western Europe have proudly declared, to save their faces, that they desire to be kindhearted and help the unfortunate Soviet Russia which is twitching from spasms of hunger and privation. The *real* reason, however, for their new stand is quite different, for the self-styled leaders of the European world have at last understood that Europe itself cannot continue to exist without the assistance of Russia in food and raw materials. In other words, the reasons for this new action are purely egotistical.

In the lives of nations and countries as well as in the lives of individuals, mistakes of many kinds can be made, some pass without leaving a trace, while others on the contrary—the more serious—often exact full payment, frequently claiming all possessions and even life itself. The errors committed by the Allies in Russia belong, I regret to say, to the last kind. Personally, I consider the ideals of communism, theoretically, worthy of great respect, but I must admit that practically men are not themselves capable of bringing them into life. The problem of communism only nature herself is powerful enough to solve. In other words, it depends upon the physical and physiological rebirth of mankind in its ever moving evolution. It is quite absurd to think that by applying a new regime one can make carnivorous animals such as wolves and lions into herbivorous animals. The same thing can be said about man, whose instincts for self-preservation, perpetuation and feeding predominate everything; though in him the instinct for herding is much less strong and of later development. Therefore it is impossible by merely applying political and social methods, to reform him into a superior creature in whom everything will be subordinate to the instinct of herding, which is the foundation of communism. In order to make this mode of life possible it would be necessary for the instinct of herding to predominate all others, and to become the only power directing the energies of man, so that all other interests and even

personality would be submerged, and man would become similar to the ant in an ant hill or the bee in a bee hive. The costly experiment of trying to overcome nature herself is being tried now by the Russian people at great cost, suffering and misfortune. When exaggerated pride and self-conceit begin to direct human activities, the results are always painful and stupid.

It is evident that nature alone is strong and all powerful, therefore the laws of human development cannot be changed so easily. Mankind itself is only a small atom in nature's colossal unity which is steadily moving towards a future utterly unknown to us.

It is unnecessary for me to read the news sent by correspondents from Russia, for I was there the whole of last year and saw with my own eyes enormous fields uncultivated and abandoned. The Russian peasant did not sow last year and is not going to do so this year. He does not sow because he has no reason to, and there is nothing to encourage and stimulate his energy. Money has no value. The goods he needs cannot be transported into the villages even if they are requisitioned from the profiteers. Why should the Russian peasant sow? The Russian peasant is not a creature of superior quality ready to work for abstract ideals, therefore he sows only enough for his own and his family's personal needs, and in order to keep what he has, and to preserve it from the chance of requisition, he puts it into barrels and buries it in the earth. It is impossible for a moment to think that the people in the Russian cities would be starving as they now are, if food were plentiful in the villages.

These are the reasons why trade with Russia is a dream which cannot be realized, and is only a senseless bluff.

The position of Europe, however, is such that it cannot exist any longer without Russia's assistance for it lacks bread and food stuffs; the interior state of the other European countries is getting worse and worse and the leaders of the governments, to postpone their inevitable fall, and prolong their power, are promising impossible things and giving out obligations which they will never be able to cover.

What can save Europe? Certainly not political combinations nor promises. Only sound reforms and complete changes in the relationship of life in all countries. How true are the words of Professor Ellwood, when he speaks in his book about the possibility of the collapse of our present civilization; also the words of Mr. Trotter in the last chapter of his book, in which he expresses the same idea concerning the fate of humanity in the near future.

It is strange and stupid to talk about the fate of one country, or one nation, when the time has come to understand, and realize that the present crisis involves the *whole* of mankind and the *whole* of civilization!

V. ZAVOICO.

Will Mr. Hoover Lend a Hand?

SIR: On February 23rd (quoted by the World) Mr. Herbert Hoover said: "There are about forty live issues in this country today in which I am interested, and before I can answer whether I am a Democrat or Republican I shall have to know how each party stands on those issues."

On March 3rd Mr. Hoover declared himself a Republican.

Some time in that period of thirty-six days, therefore, Mr. Hoover found out where the Republican party stands. Will he help strugglers like myself to make the same discovery?

K. M.

New York City.

From France

SIR: I wish to thank you for sending me your paper so regularly. It gives me much valuable information concerning the state of things in your country. It has occurred to me that possibly you would be interested in hearing something about the condition of affairs here (in France), although I presume that you keep more or less in touch with them, through the newspapers and as a matter of fact, even for us, who are here on the spot, it is very difficult to judge the situation.

We still live on the result of the last election, which seems to possess a certain amount of stability. The local elections, which have taken place since November, have simply confirmed the previous vote. The French peasantry, who grow every day more prosperous and are acquiring more and more property, retain, on the whole, their old political affiliations, while developing their economic power. They are constantly buying up land, with the result that, to an ever increasing extent, only the very large estates are being left to be managed along the old capitalistic lines. Thus the peasant is drawing closer to the conservative bourgeoisie. Together these two elements can take advantage of that solidarity which is produced in a country, which has successfully emerged from a devastating upheaval. A further element of stability is created, in this case, by the keen realization that only by a show of firmness can we force the Germans to pay us the indemnity provided in the Peace Treaty, and thus crown our efforts with complete success.

Hence the country holds together, in spite of all the revolutionary activity close at hand, in Germany and in Italy, and in spite of the relative success of the Soviets. This should not be taken to mean that our radicals are not alive to these events. The more ardent spirits among them are impatient, surprised and ashamed at their own impotence. It seems scarcely probable to me that we shall escape some sort of revolutionary outbreak. Several months ago, an Economic Council of Labor (Conseil Economique du Travail) was organized. In its membership are included the various intellectual groups, recruited from the new unions of Technicians (Engineers, Technical Experts, etc.) and the Syndicalist leaders. They study simply, but zealously, social remedies, the reasons for the Soviet's lack of economic success and the methods by which our economic deficiencies may be met, etc., etc. This council, which was intended by the Moderates as a center for investigation, open to all, even, the managers, is becoming the breeding place for revolutionary schemes. Its avowed ambition is to establish a program of social reform, which shall be imposed by a general strike. Will anything come of this theorizing and daydreaming? An early attempt to bring it to realization would not surprise me. There is a very definite activity among the enthusiasts and they hold some good cards in their hands. Take for example the fact that France at the present moment is prac-

tically without any army at home—all her forces being on the Rhine.

However, it is not brute force which can give success to a revolution and I do not believe that any considerable *moral* force attaches to our revolutionary party, at the present time. Their recent attempts at strikes have been unfortunate. The printers in January, the railwaymen in March returned to work beaten. An indication of their defeat appears in the fact that for the days they were out on strike, they did not receive full wages—at variance with the rather anarchistic practice, which is beginning to prevail here.

Nevertheless, the mere fact of having weathered a revolutionary crisis does not assure our outlook for the future. The real perils are elsewhere: in our financial situation, which we scarcely dare to tackle. And Labor's most dangerous weapon is perhaps to be looked for elsewhere, as well: not in the general strike, openly called, but in a general strike that is hidden and intangible, expressing itself in indifference to work, in laziness and deliberate slacking. This is becoming a great defect—in fact the very most serious defect of the European laborer. I am under the impression that your laboring man is in general free from this fault, in that while he demands a short working day, he does not refuse to work longer, if he gets extra pay for overtime. The "wide-awake" workingman of France—indeed I might as well say of Europe—is quite averse to any such arrangement. He wants big pay, a short day and he feels that anyone who shows an interest in capitalistic production is a traitor to the revolutionary cause. One thing is certain, that those who have arrived at this state of mind, as well as those propagandists who create it in others, are doing a great injury to society. These people think that they are undermining capitalism, but I think that they are attacking the civilization of Europe, or at least, what remains of it.

I would be the more ready to predict a victory of French conservatism, were it not for the fact that its political machinery, its parliamentary government, is in itself a rather worn-out device. But, as it is, the only real solidarity with us, is in syndicalism and capitalism, that is to say in the forces that make for war, the forces that make for barbarism. Behind the capitalistic bourgeois I see the capitalism of the peasant. United, they have a chance: but civilization has little.

L. S.

Paris, France.

A Constitutional Party

SIR: In your issue of March 24th you say that Gilson Gardner raises the question of a third party, to my mind the question or rather the hope that a new party would spring up is in the heart of every real American, by that I mean, men that stand back of the Constitution as written. The progressives of the United States are ready for government ownership of railroads, telegraph, telephone, packing houses, banks, natural resources and government insurance. The dark horse in the financial world today is the insurance companies with their invisible power behind trusts, corporations and the government. Johnson is capturing states from Wood, not because of the demand for him but for the lack of a real progressive to vote for. LaFollette and Frank P. Walsh or Brandeis and Plumb would carry the West.

R. O. BRYANT.

Bowman, North Dakota.

The Harassed Packer

SIR: It is rather late, and perhaps not worth while to be writing you again on the question of Black Jack Propaganda, but we find that your original article is being spread broadcast to such an extent, especially among social workers, that we feel impelled to comment on your answer to our letter which appeared in the New Republic of March 31st. We cordially thank you for publishing our letter, on which we have received favorable comments from many of your readers. We know that you would not purposely do us an injustice in handling this matter, and we presume that the reprints of your original article, without our reply, are being circulated by others than the New Republic.

In your reply to our letter you apparently take the position that the presentation of controversies should be restricted to the press, and that we have no right to approach directly the people most concerned. We feel so sure of the propriety of our action, a feeling that has now been confirmed by many people, that we confess that in the future we shall be tempted to approach whomsoever we will by direct letters or by direct personal visits, rather than rely entirely on exchange of views in printed publications, which perchance may not be read by all the persons who ought to know what is going on.

It seems to us that the weakness of your stand is illustrated by the manner in which you stoop to quibbling in answering our letter. You imply that because we say that "we are not trying to stop Mrs. Kelley's mouth with respect to the good things for which she fights," we admit that we believe in "stopping mouths" with respect to what we consider "bad things." In our letter we said, "We do hope that some day she (Mrs. Kelley) will cease to refer to us as the starvers of the nation's children and cease to picture us as monopolists and monsters." In other words, we do freely admit that we hope that some day we shall have aroused a sufficient sense of fair play toward our industry so that nobody will make outrageous statements about us. We do not believe that we weaken our position by making such an admission.

If the New Republic did not intend to insinuate that the packers are trying to ruin newspapers, we apologize for having interpreted your original article in this manner. We are not sure but that many other readers may have obtained a similar impression, but it is possible that we are super-sensitive on such a matter because we have been harassed to such an extent by insinuations by the Federal Trade Commission, and by others who are constantly putting the packers in the wrong light.

We shall not stop to argue at length the question of monopoly that you raise, other than to state that you give an entirely wrong impression when you speak of the packers as "gaining control over a larger and larger proportion of the commercial meat supply" and as being few in number. Swift & Company, the largest packer, handles less than 15 per cent of the total meat supply of the country and less than 25 per cent of the output of houses that ship in interstate commerce, and this company has no agreement of any kind with any other packer to affect the prices of live stock or meats. There are about 235 packing concerns outside of the five largest which ship goods in interstate commerce, and the last census enumerated over 1,200 slaughtering and meat-packing concerns in the United States; there are thousands and thousands of local butchers in addition to these. You cannot point to a single bit of

evidence of an artificially manipulated price, or anything that is even suggestive of a monopolistic profit. While the packing industry is hounded, perhaps more than any other industry as being responsible for high prices, we believe that we could prove to you that we are less deserving of such accusations than any industry in the country.

You say that "we shall get no light until the attack and the defense can proceed freely without the application of methods vitiated by repression." We do not feel that we are repressing anything or anybody by carrying our case direct to the members of the Consumers' League, and we hope that we shall not be "repressed" ourselves from so doing in the future by such sensational use of words as "a blackjack swung in the darkness."

Chicago, Illinois.

LOUIS F. SWIFT.

Organized Snooping

SIR: Today is partly cloudy for some people, but it is brightened for me by an invitation to join "United Americans" and preserve the Constitution, except the first amendment. I can ordinary for one dollar a year, sustain for five, found for one hundred. Our national committee is composed of ex-statesmen, manufacturers and bankers, all of undoubted solvency. Labor is not represented because we must not have anything that smacks of class government. Nor women, either, for this kind of preserving is man's work. But later on outsiders, provided they are God-fearing, law-abiding, self-respecting and eighteen, will also be permitted to preserve the Constitution, except the first amendment.

We must organize, the prospectus says, and correlate the work of all existing societies which snoop into people's opinions. There has been over-lapping, under-lapping. Some people have had several helpful noses poked into their affairs at once while others have had to go to bed snoopless. There have even been distressing cases in which patriots have wasted energy spying upon each other.

From now on, organized snooping is the word—from nation clear down to townships. The work will go on until everybody signs a pledge to suspect his neighbor of disloyalty and we are a united people. Snoop-kitchens will be established everywhere within reach of the masses. Pulpit, school and press will be searched for traces of independence and culprits served with Departmental Justice, preferably boiled. The movies are already 95 per cent pure; though a great business enterprise, it has agreed not to permit reflections on property.

The young will be raised like that, but if a boy is caught red headed thinking for himself he will not be pinched at once. He may have had no banker to guide him; perhaps he has never known a manufacturer's tender care. He will be goosestepped upon until some day he will think, if at all, exactly like Archibald Stevenson. We may uncover some mute, inglorious Lusk, some Sweet who has never blackjacked representative government.

For a dollar a year "United Americans" will become my assistant conscience. If I wander into a meeting and an agitator proposes a shorter working night for little girls, I shall think: "Would my state's representative on the national committee, the president of the manufacturers' association, like to see me here?" At bedtime I shall ask myself, "Have I lived guiltless today in the sight of my governing board? Have I preserved the Constitution, except the first amendment?"

Green's Farms, Connecticut. HOWARD BRUBAKER.

Why Your Mail Is Late

SIR: Complaints continue to be made to the newspapers and to the Post Office Department of mail delayed, of letters and packages lost, and of poor service generally. Without knowing the reason why, every citizen seems to agree that the postal service of today is far behind that of a few years ago—and they are right.

What is the reason? Just this:

No business on earth can be carried on efficiently without competent help, and the Post Office is steadily losing its trained men.

Why is this so?

Because men of the type who formerly entered the postal service can now command better salaries elsewhere. Not only can they command them, but they find it absolutely necessary to seek employment at other occupations in order to support their families.

In the New York Post Office so many trained men have resigned during the past year that the service is already seriously crippled. Unless the number of resignations cease, there will soon be a completely demoralized service, with its resultant serious effect on business.

The Post Office Department is now advertising for temporary employees, taking them in without civil service examination, and paying them for such service as they can perform 60 cents an hour, while trained men with four or more years' experience receive only 41 to 57 cents per hour. No incentive here for men of ability to remain.

There is only one remedy for this situation—adequate salaries for trained employees. Why does not Congress act?

L. E.

New York City.

Gifts of Golden Sugar Plums

SIR: Is it permissible to express the earnest desire that if the problem of arranging effective cooperation between Britain and America is not to be dismissed as hopeless, we may have an end to such propositions as those of Mr. Keynes that the United States should cancel the war-debts owed it by Europe, as recompense for a revision of the Peace Treaty? The proposition itself is so impossible of acceptance in our present national temper that its theoretical desirability need not be discussed. But the mere fact that such a suggestion has been seriously advanced, is breeding a mischief which Mr. Keynes himself will be the first to deprecate.

Here has been supplied a concrete argument (capable of pitiless exploitation) for every foe of international cooperation, that the first price we must pay for any attempt to extricate Europe from its present sorrows, will be to the tune of billions from our own pockets. It also gives support to every propagandist who takes delight in blowing hot all these old feuds and grudges against Britain, which had seemed about to cool. Doubtless it appears a very simple thing for certain trans-Atlantic friends to suggest, "If you don't like the Treaty, just cancel the war-debt and then we'll see about a revision to your liking." Unfortunately it seems a far simpler thing for plain Middle-Western Yankees, already burdened with heavy taxation, to say, "The debt is an honest one: it ought to be paid. As for the Treaty, we can revise *that* by swinging the axe on it!" This may not be altruism. It may not be genuine worldly wisdom. It certainly is not the answer desired by the author of this letter. But it represents a viewpoint far too common to be lightly discarded.

Owing to the confusion of counsels following the remarkable manoeuvres of Mr. Wilson first at Paris and then at Washington, this part of the country at least is today in the full tide of a reaction towards a policy of national isolation which represents neither deliberate imperialism nor liberalism, but simply a disgusted turning of the back upon the Old World and all its works. It is as inhospitable towards the ingenious proposals of liberals like Mr. Keynes, that we should bribe Britain and France into arranging a democratic peace, as it was last year towards the French proposals that we should supply the man-power for conquering Soviet Russia. The average man in the Mississippi valley will tell you that we have "canned the Kaiser" as we set out to do in 1917, and that now, barring the unexpected, our interest in the ruptions in Europe has almost disappeared. There are those of us who still assert that this view is very wrong. We want to maintain the outstretched hand to our Old World brethren, even if we cannot subscribe to all of Mr. Wilson's formulas and methods; but such propositions as Mr. Keynes, even if they contain "nothing in them quixotic or utopian," are making our task very much harder. Some day it will be learned that if the United States is not simply a trade-vulture, neither is he merely a wealthy, soft-headed uncle, who bribes acquisitive empires into being good by gifts of golden sugar-plums.

WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

France Is Bootless

SIR: Mr. Viereck's remark that France is trembling in her boots is a serious misstatement, because France hasn't any boots.

E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS.

Girard, Kansas.

Russia—the Acid Test

SIR: I think these two telegrams will interest your readers. They have been published in Russia, so are now public property:

Paris, Sept. 30th, 1919.

Sazonov to Bakhmetev:

From a confidential Swedish source I learn that Morris, the American minister at Stockholm, talks of the growing sympathies toward the Bolsheviks in the United States, of the intention there to discontinue the help to Kolchak, and to enter into relations with Soviet Russia, in the interests of American trade. Such statements coming from an official representative produce a disconcerting effect.

Washington, Oct. 4th, 1919.

Bakhmetev to Sazonov:

In answer to your telegram of the 30th ult. I was told confidentially at the Department of State that, as a matter of fact, Morris at Stockholm, and especially Hapgood at Copenhagen, are known to the Department to be personally of radical tendencies, but that they have no influence nor authority with the department, and that the Department of State finds itself obliged to instruct them periodically pointing out that American policy remains invariably to support our government in their struggle with the Bolsheviks.

R. H.

New York City.

V E R S E

In Harness

I

The foreman's head
slowly circling . . .
White rims
under yellow disks of eyes . . .
Gold hairs
starting out of a blond scowl . . .
Hovering . . . disappearing . . . recurring . . .
The foreman's head.

Droning of power-machines . . .
droning of girl with adenoids . . .
Arms flapping with a fin-like motion
under sun burning down through a sky-light
like a glass lid.
Light skating on the rims of wheels . . .
boring in gimlet points . . .
Needles flickering
fierce white threads of light
fine as a wasp's sting.
Light in sweat-drops brighter than eyes;
And calico-pallid faces
and bodies throwing off smells,
and the air a bloated presence
pressing on the walls,
and the silence a compressed scream.

Allons enfants de la patrie—
Electric . . . piercing . . . shrill as a fife,
the voice of a little Russian
breaks out of the shivered circle.
Another voice rises . . . another and another
leaps like flame to flame.
And life—surging, clamorous, swarming like a rabble
crazily fluttering ragged petticoats—
comes rushing back into torpid eyes
like suddenly yielded gates.

The girl with adenoids
rocks on her hams.
A torrent of song
strains at her throat,
gurgles, rushes, gouges her blocked pipes.
Her feet beat a wild tattoo—
head flung back and pelvis lifting
to the white body of the sun . . .
Mates now, these two—
goddess and god . . .
Marchons!

Only the power machines drone
with metallic docility
under the flaxen head of the foreman
poised like an amazed gull.

II

Today
little French merchantmen
with pointed beards
and fat American merchantmen
without any beards
drive to a feast of buttered squabs.

The band . . . accoutered and neatly caparisoned . . .
plays the Marseillaise . . .
And I think of a wild stallion . . . newly caught . . .
flanks yet taut and nostrils spread
to the smell of a racing mare . . .
hitched to a grocer's cart.

LOLA RIDGE.

Walkers

A Child on the Street

Strange that she can keep with ease
A pace so free and fleet,
When such relentless destinies
Stalk at her feet.

Strange she does not see the blur
Where their shadows run
With her footfall, sinister
In the sun.

Some are vague as shadow cast
By clouds where long hills dip,
And some sharp like the broken mast
Of a drifted ship.

Still with her incredulous tread
Defying the darkened ground,
She keeps a pace whose echoes shed
Laughing sound.

And still close at her tripping heel
The old shadows stir,
Deepening as they steal
Nearer her.

A Very Old Woman

She passes by though long ago
Time drained the life out of her tread;
She died then, yet she does not know
That she is dead.

Her footsteps are indefinite
With sound, and who are dead should pass
Sandaled as the wind when it
Moves through the grass.

Her shadow twitches on the walk,
And who are not of life should run
Shadowless as a lily's stalk
In full day's sun.

Yet these cling to her—stricken sound
And shadow casting ragged stains;
They drag behind her on the ground
Like broken chains.

It is silence mastering her tread,
Darkness, insidious and slow,
Blotting her imprint . . . but she is dead
And does not know.

HAZEL HALL.

Mystery, Terror and Confusion

Hey Rub-A-Dub-Dub, by Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni and Liveright.

MR. DREISER calls this "a book of the mystery and terror and wonder of life." It is, in a way, his profession of faith. In form it moves from pseudo-autobiography to direct preachment, and from preachment to dramatic dialogue,—a collection, in fact, of divers papers but all mainly concerned with the problem of good and bad. The manner is loose, with occasional rhetorical gestures, but the mood is almost unrelievedly serious. The point of view is, on the whole, a queer combination of scepticism and humaneness and egoism.

Most writers who affect this sort of discussion come to it with a certain grace. Mr. Dreiser has practically no grace. His road is a flat, dusty road. He has hardly one glint of humor in the whole book. He has hardly a touch of fancy. He drives along like a springless truck, sparing neither himself nor his passenger. And yet, heavy and turgid and monotonous and sensuously obtuse as he seems to be, he makes his discussion interesting. He is himself sincerely interested, and he is writing because he has something to communicate. His manner is blunt and his method cumbersome and confused, but there is in him a persistent force which refuses to stop or be turned aside. Whether he is discussing life or art or Nature or God or sex or industry or Puritanism or marriage, he produces views which are patently his own views, and in that important respect authentic. His sincerity is the salt of his nature. It makes even of his manner a sort of virtue. It redeems him even when he is saying that "Brute strength sits empurpled and laughs a throaty laugh."

This sincerity is goaded from Mr. Dreiser particularly by the moral pretensions of America, and a great part of his book is rage against the moralist and the religionist. Rage is perhaps too spirited a word. What Mr. Dreiser seems to do is to beat with arms of stone the mush-headed American philistine. Calmly enough he can say at times, "My observation and experience lead me to believe that there is scarcely a so-called 'sane,' right, merciful, true, just, solution to anything." But from this despair of any moral objectivity, which is arguable enough, he moves on to berate everything ethical as "silly illusion." "Nothing is fixed," he proclaims as if it were in itself moral *carte blanche*, and he follows up with such jaded cynicism as, "it is useless to say to the average American that democracy is a dream and can never be realized." Yet when these formulae accumulate to the point of boredom, Mr. Dreiser inserts a confession to the effect that he, for one, could not exploit his fellow-man. To which he appends immediately some utterance to the effect that "Nature, or God, or what you will, showed that it cared no whit, not a snap of her or his fingers, what becomes of man or an American with his theories, religious or otherwise, unless he was able to protect himself."

To understand Mr. Dreiser it may be forgivable to start with this sentence, "Because my father was a Catholic and I was baptized in that faith, I was supposed to accept all the dogma, as well as the legends, of the Church as true." *Hey Rub-A-Dub-Dub* is full of the unfortunate after-effects of Catholicism. Chief among these is Mr. Dreiser's resentment that the rest of America, if not of mankind, is obsessed by other-worldly assumptions. He insists that people cling "fatuously" to "the idea that

there is some fixed idyllic scheme or moral order handed down from on high, which is tender and charitable, punishes so-called evil and always rewards so-called good." This defunct notion excites him seriously, and in his anxiety to destroy it he is practically ready to destroy every distinction between good and bad, right and wrong. Like many ex-Catholics, indeed, he has got rid of his religion with considerable detriment to his ethics, and has never spent much apparent effort in examining the claims of ethics as independent of religion.

Hence, following the various jabs he gives to God and certain other tall conceptions, Mr. Dreiser proceeds to repudiate moral objectivity. "Life seems to prove but one thing to me, and that is that the various statements concerning right, truth, justice, mercy, are palaver merely, an earnest and necessitous attempt, perhaps, at balance and equation where all things are so very much unbalanced, paradoxical and contradictory—the small-change names for a thing or things of which we have not yet caught the meaning."

In the same vein he writes elsewhere. "For my part, I am convinced that so-called vice and crime and destruction and so-called evil are as fully a part of the universal creative process as are all the so-called virtues, and do as much good—providing, as they do, for one thing, the religionist and the moralist with their reasons for existing. At best, ethics and religion are but one face of the shield which is essentially irreligious and unethical as to its other face, or the first would not exist."

What Mr. Dreiser means by the "universal creative process" is utterly bewildering. We hear of blind Nature and of nature purposeful, of ruthless change and of "the law of balance or equation which governs in all processes." But the purport of his argument in this direction seems merely to be that "One thing we do know: our impulses do not always accord with moral or religious law, the so-called will of the Creator here on earth, and yet our impulses are assuredly provided us by a Creator, if no more than the mechanistic one of the chemists and physicists." To get rid of "commandment from on high" haunts Mr. Dreiser like a bad dream.

And possibly because he is so haunted, or possibly because he is muddled, Mr. Dreiser is an egoist. It is this egoism which, for me at least, gives a rather rancid flavor to his book. Why don't mothers ignore their children? Mr. Dreiser explains that they are subject to a "chemic necessity." Does any man put the general welfare of the state above affection or passion? That is because "thousands of people are by temperament sacrificial, one might almost say masochistic. They never put themselves first, and that for the very simple reason that their emotions or desires do not compel them so to do." Similarly Buddha, Christ, Confucius, St. Francis, Luther, Mohammed, are of the type that "seeks to readjust conditions as he finds them to something more in accord with what is agreeable to him, and who accordingly . . . seeks to represent himself to himself as a world need." Thus egoism is universal. "There is much talk of charity and the beatitudes, but let one lose an arm, a leg, an eye, a hand. Practically the entire world shudders and withdraws." But we are not to blame. "Man does not make or regulate Nature. Nature makes and regulates man, and She makes him any way She pleases—vile, lovely, strong, weak, simple, complex, and so on." Shall we then worship the strong, the successful, the sons of wise Nature? Well, "I beg to call attention to the fact that Nature, or God, or the biologic process,

or what you will, is no better planner or executor of any given theory or scheme it may have in mind than man himself."

So, at the crucial point, our egoist seems to falter. And, catholic as he is in his acceptance of Titans and Geniuses, "unethical forces, subtlety, craft," Rockefellers, Morgans, Goulds, and in general people who get away with it, and are a law unto themselves, still, he has his own indignation against certain cruelties and brutalities, even if "forceful, vigorous, natural." He reproaches England, for example, with conquering the Boers. He reproaches America with its treatment of the Negro, its slavish press, its lack of culture and intelligence. "The darkest side of democracy, like that of autocracy, is that it permits the magnetic and the cunning and the unscrupulous among the powerful individuals to sway vast masses of the mob, not so much to their own immediate destruction as to the curtailment of their natural privileges and the ideas which they should be allowed to entertain if they could think at all—and incidentally to the annoying and sometimes undoing of individuals who have the truest brain interests of the race at heart, vide Giordano Bruno! Jan Huss! Savonarola! Tom Paine! Walt Whitman! Edgar Allan Poe!"

The truth seems to be that Theodore Dreiser's mind is formless, chaotic, bewildered. He has never thought through to any real conclusion about egoism, but has simply rushed into egoism to escape the unreality of edifying Christian talk. Similarly, he does not appear to have conceived of any moral objectivity except as propounded from on high, and so he is driven to fill up the void with a "law of equation or balance" which has less than no meaning. In short, our leading novelist is intellectually in serious confusion, and needs a deeper philosophy than—hey rub-a-dub-dub.

F. H.

Carleton Parker

The Casual Laborer and Other Essays, by Carleton H. Parker. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

OFTEN in the last two years those who knew Carleton Parker's work have missed his voice. A man so flexible and gracious was doubly needed in a world of panic. Particularly in illuminating those issues featured by the last two years would Parker have been a truly useful man. No American has yet appeared, equipped in better fashion by experience, by scientific method and by tolerant kindness of spirit, to pierce the coatings of emotional concept that cluster round the bogey of the I. W. W. and red revolution, "the outlaw striker" and "industrial unrest." Parker, with clearer lines than most of us can draw, would have sketched the dynamic human forces at work below the surface.

Four essays are published in this volume. Two of them, *The Casual Laborer* and the I. W. W., are reprinted from the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. A third, *Toward Understanding Labor Unrest*, was not written for publication at all. It was a memorandum to be read to critic and colleague, a credo of Parker's perspective, written in part to call out comment, "so the statements are strong and unqualified." The other paper, *Motives in Economic Life*, represents the last piece of writing Parker finished, an essay read before the American Economic Association in January, 1918, three months before his death.

In getting at the sources of what we call industrial un-

rest Carleton Parker's main thesis might, in his own words, "be stated as a plea to consider the states of conventional 'Wilfulness,' such as laziness, inefficiency, destructiveness in strikes, etc., as ordinary mental disease of a functional kind, a sort of industrial psychosis." Most economists, Parker thought, speculated too little on human motives. "We are not curious about the great basis of fact which dynamic and behavioristic psychology has gathered to illustrate the instinct stimulus to human activity. Most of us are not interested to think what a psychologically full or satisfying life is." Orthodox economics, in its text-books and teachings, spends little time inquiring how far industrialism is fitted to man's inherited nature, or how placidly man will continue to submit to rules of economic conduct if those rules are oppressive. "The confusion and metaphysical propensities of our economic theory; our neglect of the consequences of child labor, our lax interest in national vitality and health, the unusableness of our theories of labor unrest and of labor efficiency, our careless reception of problems of population, eugenics, sex and birth control; our crass ignorance of the relation of industry to crime, industry to feeble-mindedness, industry to functional insanity, industry to education; and our astounding indifference to the field of economic consumption—all this delinquency can be traced to our refusal to see that economics was social economics, and that a full knowledge of man, his instincts, his power of habit acquisition, his psychological demands and endurance, was an absolute prerequisite to clear and purposeful thinking on our industrial civilization."

Economic life, insisted Parker, has no motives all its own. Its motives are simply those of life looked at from any other angle. Men and women are equipped with various instincts, impelling them to be gregarious, to be hungry, to have children, to be curious, to think, to create something, to fight for liberty of choice. Such instinct tendencies are persistent. The fact that a given environment fails to furnish outlet for any one of them does not mean an end to the craving whose source it is. "If the environment, through any of the conventional instruments of repression, such as extreme religious orthodoxy, economic inferiority, imprisonment, or physical disfigurement, such as short stature or a crippled body, repress the full psychological expression in a field of instinct tendencies, then a psychic revolt, a slipping into abnormal mental functioning takes place, with the usual result that society accuses this revolutionist of being either wilfully inefficient, alcoholic, a syndicalist, supersensitive, an agnostic, or insane."

Searching to understand which characteristics of an industrial system repress normal psychological expression, Parker was led naturally into those fields of industry where repression was most complete. And to this we owe his study of that great body of migratory workers from which the I. W. W. draws a bulk of its recruits. In Parker's eyes the I. W. W. was more than anything else the symptom of an unhealthy industrial order. Its essential characteristics, he thought, seldom entered into popular discussion of the subject. "The domination of the American press over the form and method of publicity has given Americans a deep-seated bias in favor of a vivid and dramatic presentation of all problems, economic or moral. The rather gray and sullen explanation of any labor revolt by reference to the commonplace and miserable experiences of the labor group would lack this demanded vividness. Just as the French enjoyed the mean stories of the debased

life of the petty thief when framed up and entitled, *A Picture of the Parisian Apaché*, so the casual American demands white hoods and mystery for the Kentucky night riders and a dread sabotage-using underground apparition for the I. W. W. Some important portion of I. W. W. terrorism can be traced directly back to the artificial public demand that the I. W. W. news story produce a thrill."

Parker studied the migratory worker at first hand. He found this worker, as he found most men and women, very much the creature of experience. "The history of the migratory workers shows that starting with the long hours and dreary winters of the farms they ran away from, or the sour-smelling bunk-house in a coal village, through their character-debasing experience with the drifting 'hire and fire' life in the industries, on to the vicious social and economic life of the winter unemployed, their training predetermined but one outcome, and the environment produced its type." More than three million men, probably nearer four, move so regularly from one work town to another, by discharge or by quitting, that they can properly be called migratory workers. The bulk of these men have lost their voting franchise, their conventional relationship to women and child life, their opportunities to enjoy comfort and dignity. Persistent instinct tendencies are balked. Out of the dirt, indignity and frustration of sexual instincts spring irrational inferiority obsessions. The migratory worker is impelled to indulge "in a true type inferiority compensation, and in order to dignify himself, to eliminate for himself his inferiority in his own eyes, he strikes or brings on a strike; he commits violence, or he stays on the job and injures machinery, or mutilates the materials." Too much importance, Parker thought, was attached to the syndicalist philosophy of the I. W. W. Some of the leaders use its diction. "To the great wandering rank and file the I. W. W. is simply the only social break in the harsh search for work they have ever had." The strikes they engineer are less costly than the strikes of labor groups on a higher economic plane; for "shifting, without legal residence, under-nourished as a universal rule, incapable of sustained interest, with no reserve of money or energy to carry out a propaganda, they cannot put forth the very considerable energy which co-operation demands." Not in strikes and sabotage and syndicalism, but in sullen hostility, in misery, in decay of the workmanlike spirit does the I. W. W. take its most substantial toll from the treasure of society. "The casual migratory laborers are the finished product of an economic environment which seems cruelly efficient in turning out human beings modeled after all the standards which society abhors."

So Carleton Parker reasoned. For him the question of "industrial unrest" was not an isolated issue, not a problem to be solved by that sort of business agility which can cut down overhead or double sales. Rather, as a problem, it was "one with the problem of the discontented business man, the indifferent student, the unhappy wife, the immoral minister—it is one of maladjustment between a fixed human nature and a carelessly ordered world. The result is suffering, insanity, racial perversion and danger. The final cure is gaining acceptance for a new standard of normality." And "the first step towards this is to break down the mores-inhibitions to free experimental thinking."

To that task, until death interrupted him, Carleton Parker consecrated a tireless effort. His work, measured by its high objective, had scarcely been begun. But

measured by the inspiration he leaves to other men, the task seems nearer finished. In that sense Carleton Parker's work goes on.

CHARLES MERZ.

Dante Alighieri

Life of Dante Alighieri, by Charles Allen Dinsmore.
New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

TO write the biography of a great genius is a difficult task, especially when that genius lived six hundred years ago, left little direct information about himself, aside from his work, and that work highly allegorical and symbolical. Of Dante as of Shakespeare it may be said, "Others abide our question. Thou art free." Around the meagre facts of his life, for many of which we are indebted to the timely accounts of Boccaccio and Brunetti, have gathered traditions, accretions, misleading personal interpretations, and mistakes. Though the story of his life has often been well told, especially by such eminent scholars as Moore, Gardner, Toynbee, and others, an exhaustive biography has not hitherto been attempted in America. Mr. Dinsmore makes no claim to newly discovered facts; few have been discovered since the six-hundredth centennial of Dante's birth, nor does the author believe that many more will ever be discovered. He proposes to tell the old story in the light of his years of devoted study of the great poet, enriching it with the fruits of his experience.

The discussion consists of three parts: A brief survey of the character of the century and the city in which the poet lived; his life and works; and the qualities of his genius and character. Born in an age of strife, in a city divided against itself, in a world of intense political, religious, and educational activity, he was truly a child of environment. In Italy, according to the author, the voice of Liberty is the hum of the city. Quite unconventionally he regards the city with its tense life, rather than the country with its solitude, as the cradle of great men. We cannot understand Dante apart from his age and the struggles in which he participated. For convenience his life and works are considered under four headings: youth and the period of *Vita Nuova*, 1265-1290; the period of discipline, 1290-1313; the crucial year, 1313; and the years of the *Divine Comedy*. In the crucial year Dante made the momentous decision of his life. An exile, baffled by his political enemies in his efforts to aid his beloved city, for which he had long neglected his life work as a poet, he determined to devote himself with singleness of purpose to his art, and thus, Macaulay to the contrary, snatched from defeat a life of victory. The third part of the book carries us far into the analysis of character and the realm of literary appreciation, and therefore contains the author's most original contribution to the criticism of Dante.

In this work Mr. Dinsmore necessarily leans heavily on his previous books, *The Teachings of Dante* and *Aids to the Study of Dante*, but speaks with greater certainty and conviction, parts company at certain points more courageously with eminent authorities, and as a natural reaction from the study of the master writes a more intense and dignified style. His conscience, too, has become Dantesque in its rigorous adherence to truth, even though he must reluctantly admit that Dante was subject to error. The work as a whole shows excellent proportion; only in the last part may love and admiration be said to crowd plan,

but even here the analysis of character and literary appreciation are so good that we cease to question the limitations of biography and on certain topics wish the author had said more. The book is illustrated, and uniform in appearance with the author's two previous volumes. It is designedly popular (according to the introduction), but retains the dignity and fidelity to fact of the scholarly, escaping for the most part the dangers of popularization.

L. N. B.

A Sympathetic View of Russia

Russia White or Red, by Oliver M. Sayler. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

MR. SAYLER'S book is composed of two elements which follow each other in a more mechanical than logical sequence. One is a narrative of personal experiences in Russia in the early months of the Bolshevik ascendancy. The other is a series of observations over the origin, the character and the significance for Russia of the Bolshevik regime. While each element is characterized by an unbiased and sympathetic spirit and each reveals a keen desire to get a firm grip of a most perplexing and continually changing situation, the latter element appears to be of greater value than the former, and together they seldom blend into one whole.

Mr. Sayler's contact with actual Russian life does not go beyond those things which inevitably intrude upon any casual resident of Russia. The avowed purpose of Mr. Sayler's trip to Russia was to study the Russian theatre in which the author, as the dramatic editor of the Indianapolis News, was particularly interested. He never undertook to scrutinize economic or social conditions. In *Russia White or Red* he gives those incidents of travel, of conversation, of city life, bits of colorful events, glints of a restless social landscape which passed before his eyes in the railroad car or in his Moscow residence. Even from these remarks, however, something may be gleaned for the understanding of conditions prevailing then. Mr. Sayler is one of the few who appreciated the difficulty of demobilizing the old Russian army. He finds only praise for the order and swiftness with which it was accomplished. "There were no orders, no plans, no preparations. They were demobilizing themselves, and they were doing it with better grace and less friction than the tenderly nursed armies of the west."

Mr. Sayler is also one of the few who looked at the spiritual side of the revolution. He noticed that "the Russian in his time of trial turned not to dissipation and debauch, but to the things of the spirit." "The theatre of mere pastime and amusement has practically disappeared from the Russian scene. It is only the sober theatres and the most sober and substantial plays in their repertoires that are demanded by the Russian audience today." Incidentally we learn from Mr. Sayler's notes that while in Moscow and Petrograd food was rationed and hunger was a real menace, in Vologda "milk and eggs were plentiful," in Arapovo there was bread *skolko hotitye* ("as much as you wish"), and in Samara the party of travelers had "all the bread they could eat and eggs and tea." Apparently, the story of starvation could be applied to only a small portion of the Russian population.

Many more hints and clues about the Russian situation are strewn in Mr. Sayler's narrative of personal experience. The center of gravity, however, lies in his remarks and

conclusions about the Bolshevik revolution which he saw in the making.

Mr. Sayler, be it remembered, is not a Bolshevik. Lenin and Trotsky, to him, "are walking in the same twilight zone of shady morals with Kolchak and his bondsmen in Paris." Bolshevism to Mr. Sayler "is a strange mixture of class revenge and class tyranny leading designedly to a Utopian industrial democracy." Such attitude puts Mr. Sayler beyond suspicion of bias in favor of the existing system in Russia. The more significant become his reflections on the sources, the nature and the outlook of the present revolution. Mr. Sayler knows that the Brest-Litovsk "peace" was sheer necessity. "Russia could not fight. Her army of twenty millions had been scattered, her transportation system wrecked, her food supply depleted below the civilian necessity. Organization and morale were forgotten conceptions." Mr. Sayler testifies that "Russia White, through the capitalists and monarchists, is numerically in a hopeless minority," while, "for better or worse, the Soviet is the only form of government, the only energetic power, which the Russian has known since the revolution," and "the Bolshevik watch-cry, 'All Power to the Soviets!' was merely a demand for recognition of a condition already accomplished." Mr. Sayler scoffs at the "delusion fanned into a flame of wrath and resentment by the unprincipled propaganda of reactionaries,"—"that which attributes to the Bolsheviks the deliberate intent to exterminate the intelligentsia and all educated people."

Mr. Sayler, himself in profound sympathy with the Russian intelligentsia, does not fail to realize that what actually took place was a struggle of the Soviets against counter-revolution for which the intelligentsia and the educated classes, "by their natural qualifications," provided the leaders.

Mr. Sayler has much to tell about the attitude of the Allies and Americans towards the Russian revolution. The Allied embassies, he says, "instead of reading the signs of the times and accepting inevitable facts as the basis of their programs and their activities, heeded only the facts which pleased them and then wondered why events did not turn out as they had predicted." Mr. Francis, according to Oliver M. Sayler, never understood the nature of the Russian revolution as a social revolution. "Mr. Francis seemed always to be hoping that the various 'parties' would get together, compose their differences and look to the welfare of Russia," whereas between the parties of the revolution and the conservative factions "there is a gulf impassable." It is to this misconception that Mr. Sayler is attributing the fact, "least creditable to an intelligent world," that Lenin and his counsellors were identified with German imperial power.

Mr. Sayler is, of course, hopeful about the future of Russia. He wishes to see the present government of Russia recognized and anticipates that the necessities of reconstruction would bring about a spirit of reconciliation between the radical forces of Russia. "Under those conditions, the violent methods of the dictatorship would be relaxed and finally abandoned."

Mr. Sayler's book strikes one with its tone of sincerity and broad sympathy for the groping of a nation towards a new freedom. *Russia White or Red* is free of any taint of propaganda, and among a torrent of writings full of distorted pictures of revolutionary Russia, it stands out as a truthful and honest if by no means profound contribution.

M. J. OLGIN.

Tatterdemalion

Tatterdemalion, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

NOW that these impressions and meditations, already known to Mr. Galsworthy's readers through their appearance in various periodicals, are brought together, two connecting threads are apparent: the thread of thought and the thread of emotion. In his earlier novels and tales there was a marked predominance of the emotional quality over the intellectual. The two are here more nearly in accord. The larger portion of the book is a series of studies of injustice in war-time, of the effect of the foul crash upon various unimportant individuals and family groups—"unimportant," that is, inasmuch as each is of no consequence in the scale of rival nations, but as important as life itself to the men and women concerned and of significance as so many minute revelations of national psychology.

With possibly one exception none of the impressions is overwrought, or marred by sentimentality, or blurred by loud-voiced passion. Mr. Galsworthy's restrained, softly modulated style, as of an instrument with few overtones, wins its effect without recourse to obvious eloquence or special pleading. Indeed, to follow the more brightly colored thread that winds through his book is to miss the trustworthy clue; for the golden thread is his advocacy (especially in the reverie entitled *A Green Hill Far Away*) of a return to Beauty as an antidote for the sick world's woes; and this advocacy is countered not only by the grim fact of the countless lovers of Beauty—poets, painters, musicians, dreamers—who now lie rotting on the battlefields of Europe but by Mr. Galsworthy's own reluctant realization that "there has never been anything to prevent the millennium except the nature of the human being. There are not enough lovers of Beauty among men."

On this, its emotional side, the volume reaches its highest point in the story *Spindleberries*, a composition built upon the Browningsque motive that worldly success is indicative of a low ideal, a theme which is illustrated by the case of the celebrated painter Scudamore and his once "promising" cousin who renounced art and love and, as it seemed, all the larger experiences of life. "Yet who knew what secret raptures she had felt with her subtle lover, Beauty, by starlight and sunlight and moonlight, in the fields and woods, on the hilltops, and by the riverside!" Yet to follow this clue is to be lost; and Galsworthy the thinker is aware of the fact. There was plenty of Beauty in the world in 1914; Rupert Brooke, for one, turned from "the little emptiness of love" and welcomed agony and Death.

The other thread, less shining but more durable, is Justice. Justice keeps her seat far above the battle-line; the gods are on their holy thrones. Three of the most powerful of Mr. Galsworthy's tales are pleas for a larger tolerance and a wider humanity. Defeat tells of a forlorn street-walker of German birth, stranded in London and compelled to win her meagre livelihood in the embraces of her country's enemies. Another story is of a German twenty years resident in England, the husband of an English woman and the father of an English soldier, whose only fault had been his preference for England over the country of his birth. The hue and cry after "enemies within our midst" tears the little family apart; the man is imprisoned for years; and when reunited to his wife months after the armistice his mentality is shattered. The Dog it Was that Died traces out with fine subdued irony the moral degeneration of an Englishman of the type that was

responsible for this hounding of innocent citizens of German origin. A like irony, touched this time with humor, is visible in the account of a peace meeting raided by Tommies who are ungrateful towards the elderly gentleman whose one desire had been to save them from slaughter. Something in the tone of another sketch, *The Recruit*, recalls Crainquebille to mind in its telling of a poor illiterate little peasant who was rejected when he volunteered and who returned to his duties on the farm with wounded pride and wounded honor. Other impressions are of various waifs and strays of the war: the old lady worn out by hospital visiting, the shell-shocked soldier, the oddly-juxtaposed inmates of a French hospital, the soldier on leave—more obvious subjects which do not give Mr. Galsworthy opportunity for his most characteristic work. The second part of the book, *Of Peace-Time*, might borrow the alternative title of *Life's Little Ironies* save that the irony is tenderly obscured by a large-hearted and moving sympathy. Of these stories the most striking are *Manna* (the narrative of an event of rare occurrence, the trial of a clergyman for larceny), the afore-mentioned *Spindleberries*, and *Expectations* in which the under-current of irony for once rises to the surface.

S. C. C.

A Labrador Doctor: The Autobiography of Wilfred Thomason Grenfell. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE conversion of the Hunter by the Good Shepherd is a recurrent theme in the sociology of Frederic Le Play. The hypothesis rests on the massive historic demonstrations of Judaism, Islam, and Christianity; but followers of the French sociologist may well be grateful to Dr. Wilfred Grenfell for a closer and more intimate exposure of the same theme. It is true that Dr. Grenfell finds it easier to describe his missionary task among the deep sea fishermen than to uncover the personal reactions which the work evoked. In his naive freedom from introspection there is much of the conventional Englishman, and not a little of the schoolboy. But while his failure to reveal the true inwardness of his dispositions is itself an illumination of character, it is irritating to have the whole phenomenon of his conversion dismissed in a single page. Up to the time Grenfell attended a Moody and Sankey meeting in 1885 he had run true to his Country House inheritance.

Rowing on the Dee, hunting in the Welsh Hills, playing football at Marlborough, young Grenfell was the apotheosis of the correct British schoolboy whom Meredith delighted to picture: his sole religious conviction was the belief that by observing good form and playing the game hard one might become qualified in the serene process of time for a place in the learned professions. (His family had never been addicted to business.) Religion seemed to him a mere softness of the flesh: indeed Grenfell confesses in a touch of happy candor that as a schoolboy he found a barrier between himself and Christ because he "could not think of Him in flannels or a gymnasium suit." An accidental evening in Moody and Sankey's tent made young Grenfell a new man. When he left the meeting he was no longer a medical student dedicated to British respectability but a missionary consecrated to universal Christianity. How this happened, alas! Dr. Grenfell does not help us to fathom.

Now the interesting point about this conversion is that it did not turn Grenfell away from the sporting, fighting, adventurous life of his youth: it simply harnessed all these vital activities to a larger purpose. When Dr. Grenfell

accepted the transfer from the North Sea fishing fleet to Labrador in 1892 he laid the foundation of a wide and honorable fame as medical missionary through the fact that he was in the best sense of the word a good sport. Labrador was the new hunting ground. Its harsh topography and exacerbating climate and primitive human misery called into fullest action those lean muscles and that undaunted equanimity which Grenfell's earlier life had developed. As the reader follows the tale of the difficult and exciting mission on the Labrador coast he feels the man adding cubits to his spiritual stature. By the time the Labrador Doctor comes to found schools and cooperative stores the narrow evangelical missionary has become an ardent advocate of undenominationalism, and the middle class professional man has become an intent critic of the current business order. For a year during the war Dr. Grenfell was abstracted from Labrador to serve on a Harvard Surgical Unit. That year presents the palest chapter in an otherwise ruddily animated biography. The adventurous visitation which Dr. Grenfell makes annually challenges comparison with the ubiquitous laziness of modern warfare. It suggests that the most wracking of wars is hardly the equivalent of purposeful and militant peace.

L. M.

Many Junes, by Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

RICE pudding has its uses. It does not possess the nourishment of roast beef, the sophistication of a welsh rabbit, nor the aristocracy of a parfait. But it slips down easily and is readily digested, as Mr. Archibald Marshall reveals. His *Many Junes* is an unpretentious tale of English country life, conceived somewhat in the spirit of Arthur Christopher Benson. It concerns essentially the life of Hugh Lelacheur, son of a retired admiral. Lelacheur's career is over-cast from start to finish: first by his father's lack of sympathy, then by the marriage and death of a sister to whom he is devoted, by financial reverses which force him to the arid drudgery of an ill-paid clerk, by his engagement to a woman whom he does not love, and, finally, by a passion which comes too late.

Archibald Marshall has told the story pleasantly and neatly enough to hold one's interest; and yet he fortunately does not make one take the book seriously enough to object to some of the incredibilities in the plot.

When Lelacheur is ill his fiancée's mother calls upon him. "She came twice while he was still in bed, brought him fruit and light literature, and left him feeling the better for her visits." *Many Junes* is a similar pleasant ministration.

J. C. L.

Contributors

LOUIS GRAVES, a native of North Carolina and a graduate of the State University, is now a newspaper and magazine writer in New York. During his war service abroad he contributed to American periodicals several articles and stories, including *Leaves from a Coblenz Diary*, published in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT is a graduate of Bryn Mawr College and the author of *French Perspectives*. Her book on her experiences in France during the war will soon be published.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER is a frequent contributor of verse and critiques to the *New Republic*. Among his books of poetry are *Including Horace*, *Challenge*, and a translation of *Poems of Heinrich Heine*.

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